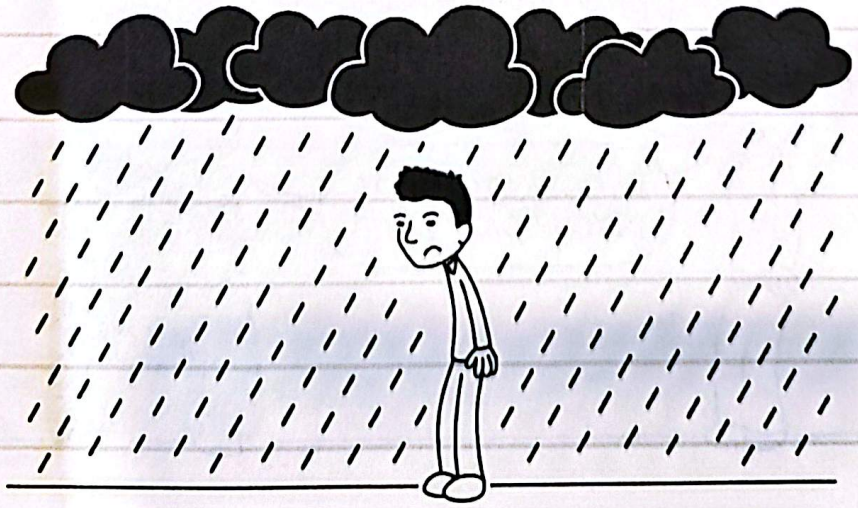
DIARY of a Supreme Gentleman

Humanity... All of my suffering on this world has been at the hands of humanity, particularly women.

Throughout my miserable life, I have been subjected to rejection, isolation, depression, World of Warcraft withdrawal, and mouth burns from vanilla lattes.

This endless suffering has opened my eyes to the brutality and twisted nature of both humanity and the world, and with this diary I intend to expose these truths to the masses.

This is the story of how I, the supreme gentleman Elliot Rodger, came to be. This is the story of my entire life. It is a dark story of sadness, anger, and hatred. This is the story of my twisted world.



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Part One: A Blissful Beginning

Age 0

I've always known that I was destined for greatness. I am descended from a long line of prestigious, European men. My grandfather took many famous photos in World War II, but unfortunately he somehow managed to lose the family fortune (selfish old man, didn't he once stop and think that maybe his future grandson might need that money one day?).

My father was also a photographer, but around the time I was born he took up an interest in directing films. My mother also worked in the film industry at the time. She was a nurse on many famous film sets, and she even dated George Lucas for a while!

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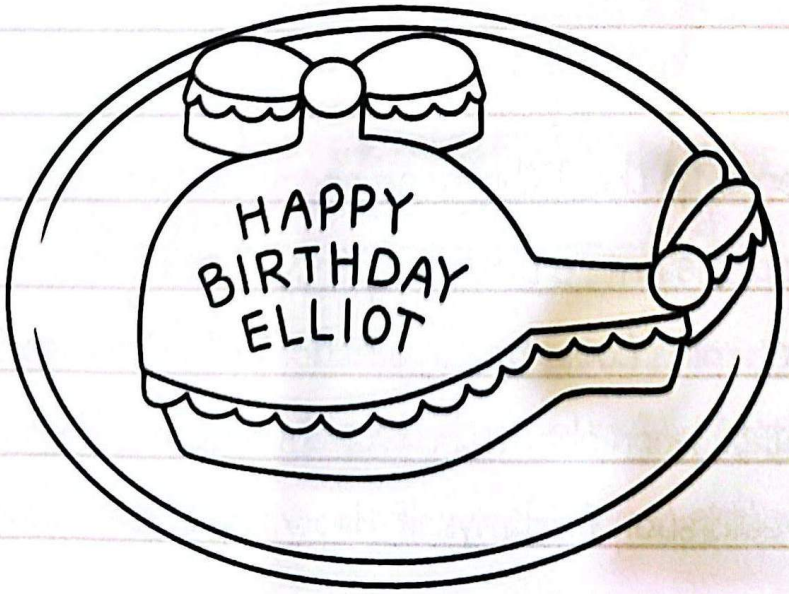
Having been born into such a successful and prestigious family, you can imagine the pressure I felt to also become successful in life. Unfortunately, this world has been cruel and twisted to me, and due to these injustices, I never had a chance to achieve my destiny. And now I am being forced to craft a new one.

Age 3

The first cruel injustice that life dealt me occurred on my 3rd birthday. This is one of my earliest memories, and it has left me severely traumatized to this very day.
As a toddler, I had a fascination with flight, so my mother and father purchased a birthday cake in the shape of a helicopter.



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I was beyond excited to eat my delicious helicopter cake, but this barbarous universe had something else in mind for me.

I sat and watched in horror as my mother's friend cut the first piece of cake and gave it to her son. THE FIRST PIECE! It was MY birthday, the one day during the year where all the attention was supposed to be on me, and she was giving the first slice of cake to that little snot-nosed brat? The depravity!

In response to this, I threw an angry tantrum and disrupted the entire birthday party. I couldn't believe that the world could be so sadistic. But of course, I still had a lot to learn about the world's sadism and cruelty, and I would soon find myself drowning in it.

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Age 4

At this time, I began preschool. Thankfully, this was an all-boys private school, so I did not have to yet face what would one day become the bane of my existence: the female gender. I long for those days of childhood wonder. We were so young, so innocent. We knew nothing of the vulgarities of sex or dating.

I remember spending most of my preschool time playing with the other boys. The most popular pastime was football (or as I now call it, soccer, but I was still living in England at this point).

I had a hard time playing football because I was much smaller and slower than the other boys, so I instead designated myself as the second goal-keeper and always hovered near the first.

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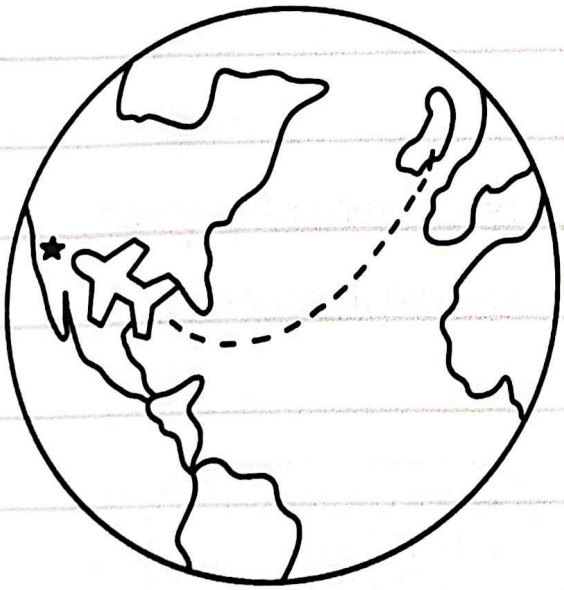
As fate would have it, just as I was beginning to make friends at preschool, my father informed me that he was thinking about moving our family to Los Angeles so that he would have better opportunities in the film industry. Our family took a trip to L.A. to get a lay of the land, and I found it to be quite acceptable.



This trip to the United States was the sixth country I had visited at such a young age! Who else can claim that, eh? At only four years old I had been to the United Kingdom, France, Spain, Greece, Malaysia, and the United States. I was quite the world traveler!

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Shortly before my 5th birthday, my mother revealed some big news to me. She and my father were going to have another baby—I was going to be an older brother! I later learned, however, that this baby was planned, while I was not. I might have come into this world by accident, but I certainly won't be leaving by accident.

I became fascinated with the concept of having a younger brother. A brother is an automatic friend in life, and after this move to L.A. I was going to need friends. But, naturally, my mother revealed that I was going to have a sister (the bitter irony, the one time in my life I didn't want a girl was when I got one).

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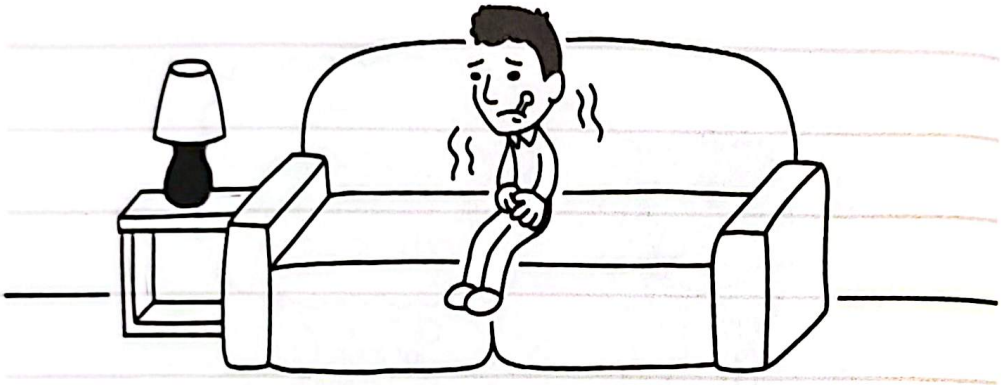
On the night my mother went into labor, I fell very ill. This was a bad omen. I stayed home with my grandmother while my parents were at the hospital, fraught with anticipation for the arrival of my baby sister.



Late that night, my parents came home with a little bundle. Wrapped up inside it was a small, black-haired baby, my new sister, Georgia.

At this point our family was as full as it would ever be. I would later have a younger brother named Jazz, but he would be born to a despicable woman whom I cannot gather the strength to name at this time. But we'll get to all that later.

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Age 5

After my 5th birthday, the time had finally come for our family to move to America. I was excited for this change, but also sad at the prospect of leaving my life in England behind. Thankfully, my father informed me that this new house would have a pool, and this made me very happy.

On my last day of preschool, I said goodbye to all my friends and teachers. I never saw any of them ever again.

The day came. All of our belongings were packed and ready to be transported to our new home. I cried as we drove away from that house, the house where I'd grown up and had wondrous experiences. If only I would have stayed at that house forever instead of venturing off into this twisted world. If only.

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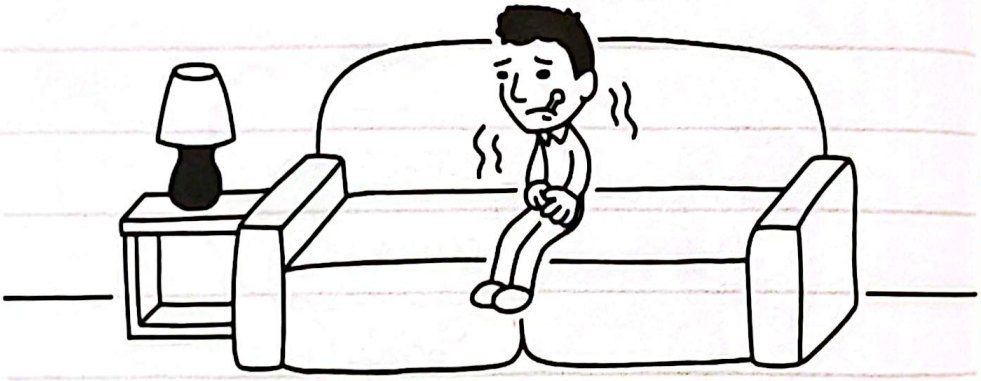

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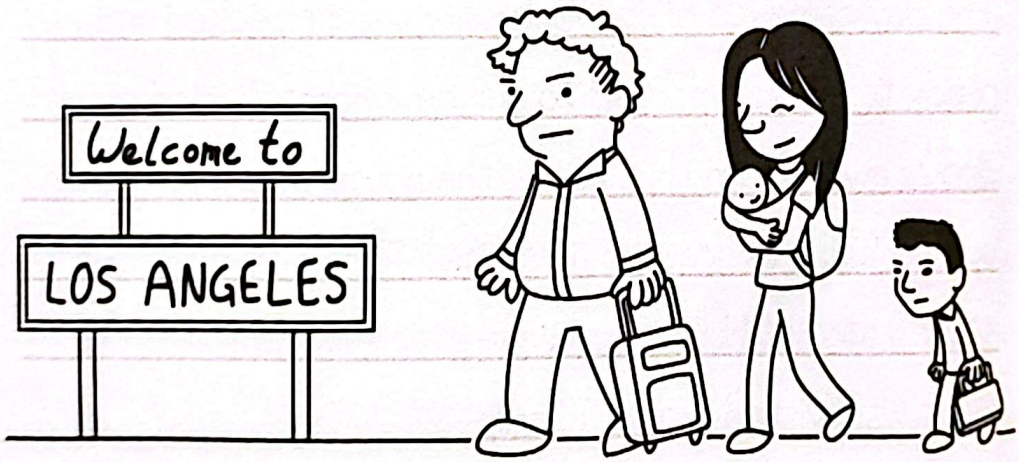
Part Two: Growing Up In America

I distinctly remember two things from the day we arrived in America. Firstly, although I had slept for the majority of the plane ride, I was very tired as we exited the plane and stood in line to collect our baggage. This brain fog, however, soon faded, as we took our first steps out of the airport—the first steps, I realized, into my brand new life in America.



Our new home was in an upscale part of a neighborhood called Woodland Hills. This would be the neighborhood I grew up in. A great deal of my life experiences would take place here—both good and bad. But mostly bad.

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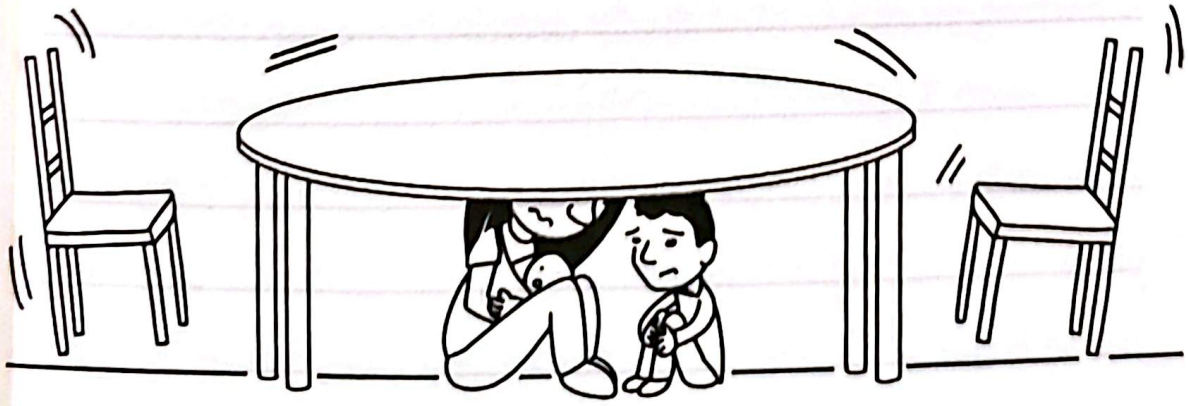
Of the incalculable injustices I would face at the hands of women over the course of my 22-year life, the next occurred when I explored our new home. I rushed up the stairs and discovered a room that I determined to be perfect, and I declared it to be my room. But my mother had other plans in mind. She informed me that the room was meant to be for my sister Georgia, and that I would be even happier in the room beside it. To this day, I have not forgiven my lustful sister for this loathsome larceny.

Not long after we had settled into the new house, a force of nature nearly as destructive as women's cruelty disrupted our household—an earthquake. I was quite scared, but my mother instructed us to hide under the kitchen table, and the quake soon passed.



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At this time, I became enamored with the concept of being an American kid. After only a few weeks in the United States, my five-year-old self became obsessed with American culture and fitting into it. I became addicted to American television programs, I acquired a taste for American cuisine, and I even tried my best to adopt an American accent.

It was time for me to start attending kindergarten, and Father searched far and wide to find a suitable private school. He eventually decided on a school called Pinecrest. I had no way of knowing this at the time, but a great turning point in my life would eventually take place here, a tragic turn for the worse. But that will come later, in a darker chapter of my story when I enter my preteen years.

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My time in the Pinecrest kindergarten program wouldn't last long, however.

My teacher was a cruel, nasty woman who despised me from the moment I stepped foot in her classroom. She was very impatient with me since I was behind on my school work due to our big move from England, and she went so far as forcing me to stay inside during recess so that I could catch up. I fear that my social skills were terribly stunted due to her barbarity, and I sincerely hope that she happens to be taking a stroll through Isla Vista on the Day of Retribution.

When my parents learned of the injustices I was facing at the hands of this malevolent mistress, they declared that enough was enough, and they swooped in to save me. Father found me a new, much better kindergarten called Farm School, named after the farm that was attached to the building. My experience at Farm School was much better than at Pinecrest, but that isn't to say it didn't have its ups and downs.

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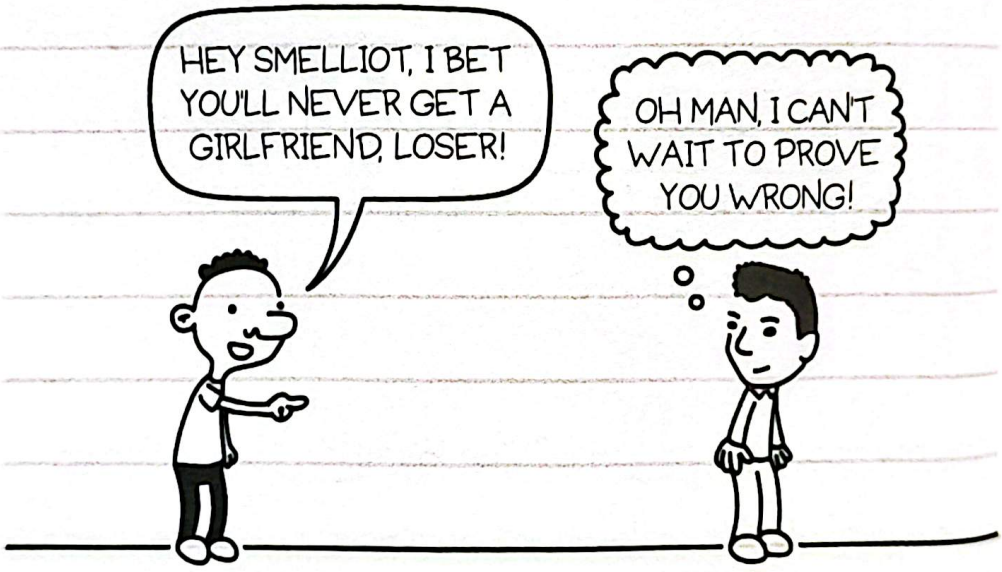
When I first arrived at Farm School, I was introduced to a student named Joey who was instructed to show me around. He was nice to me at first, but it wasn't long before he showed his true colors and became an insufferable, rotten, little prick. The two of us fought very often throughout the course of the school year, and it was quite the unpleasant experience.



Thankfully, this experience taught me an important lesson: The art of revenge. Due to his inexcusable treatment of me, I sought revenge against my putrid peer, and I eventually achieved it by making him the sole exclusion from my 6th birthday party invitations. But that would come later.

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The first real friend I made at Farm School (prepare for the ironic cruelty to seep in) was a girl named Maddy. Throughout the course of my 22-year life, she would be the first and last female friend I would ever have.

My friendship with Maddy led to the friendship of our parents, and it wasn't long before our families were getting together every week. I was so innocent at that age—gender meant nothing to me. Maddy and I played together as if it was the most natural thing in the world. We did everything together, we sometimes even bathed together. But alas, this relationship was not meant to be. For whatever reason, society has deemed me undeserving of female companionship, and it wasn't long before Maddy and I were torn apart, our relationship reduced to a smoldering pile of ashes.

But that's the way these things are destined to unravel. We all start off as innocent children, and as we grow older the cruelties and injustices of life are exposed to us. It is then our job to decide whether we smolder with the ashes or if we burn society right back.

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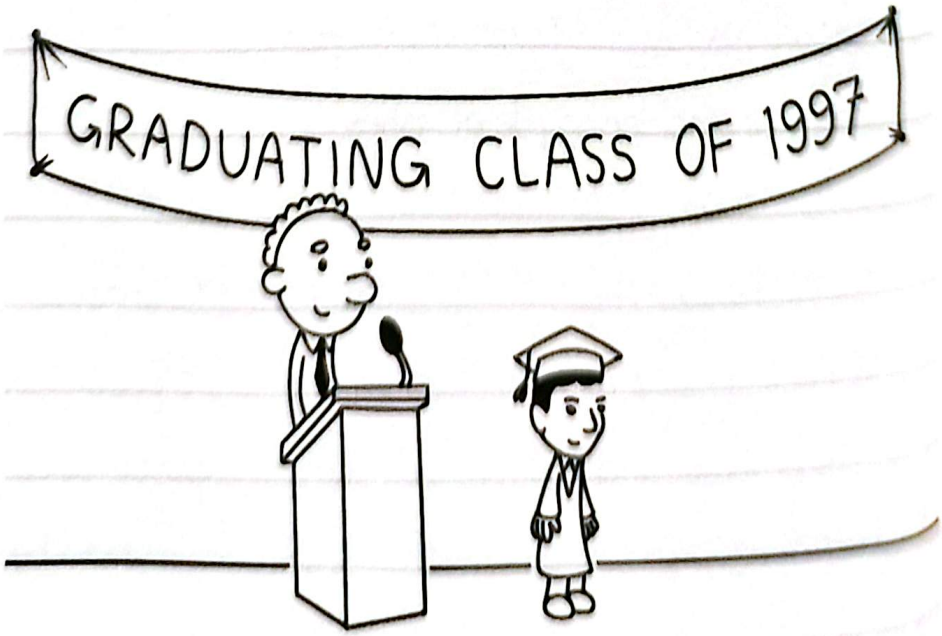
The remainder of my 5th year on this earth continued to be full of happiness and fun. At school, I often fought with Joey, but for the most part the rest of my time at Farm School was very positive. I especially enjoyed the arts and crafts parts of the day, and taking field trips to the farm was a lot of fun for me. I continued spending time with Maddy and her family, and everything in life was looking up.

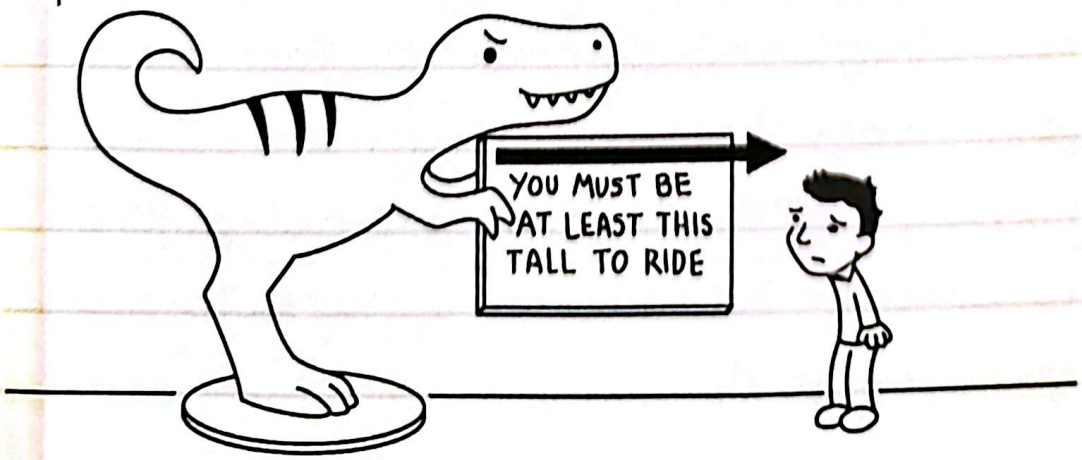
This great time in my life came to a head on graduation day. I swelled with pride as I wore my graduation cap at the ceremony. I was going to miss Farm School immensely, but I looked forward to the new adventures that awaited me in elementary school.



Age 6

Shortly after I turned six, it began to dawn on me that I was small and short-statured compared to other boys my age. The first inkling I had of my physical shortcomings occurred during my time playing football in preschool, but it wasn't until now that the cruel intentions of my cursed genetics were truly letting themselves be known.

A seed of doubt about my inferior size began to grow during my frequent visits to Serrania Park where I saw boys my age who were much bigger than me playing together. This seed would soon sprout during a family trip to Universal Studios where, after waiting for a full hour in line at the Jurassic Park ride, my family was then rejected due to my inability to meet the height requirement.



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Although it might not seem like a big deal anymore, this injustice traumatized my six-year-old self, and I fell into a crying tantrum. The remainder of our Universal Studios trip was effectively ruined. Little did I know, this injustice was very small indeed compared to all the things I'll be denied in the future because of my height.

Over the course of the summer, my family continued having delightful get-togethers with Maddy's family. She was the only friend I had retained from Farm School, and as such, she retained her role as my best friend as well.

Occasionally, she would have female friends visiting too, and I had no problem playing and having fun with the lot of them. I find it terribly ironic that during this time I found it so easy to interact with girls my age, but now face nothing but rejection and cruelty from my female peers. I once wished I could go back in time and ask my younger self for the secret to interacting with the female gender. But I now know the secret: The blissful ignorance of youth.

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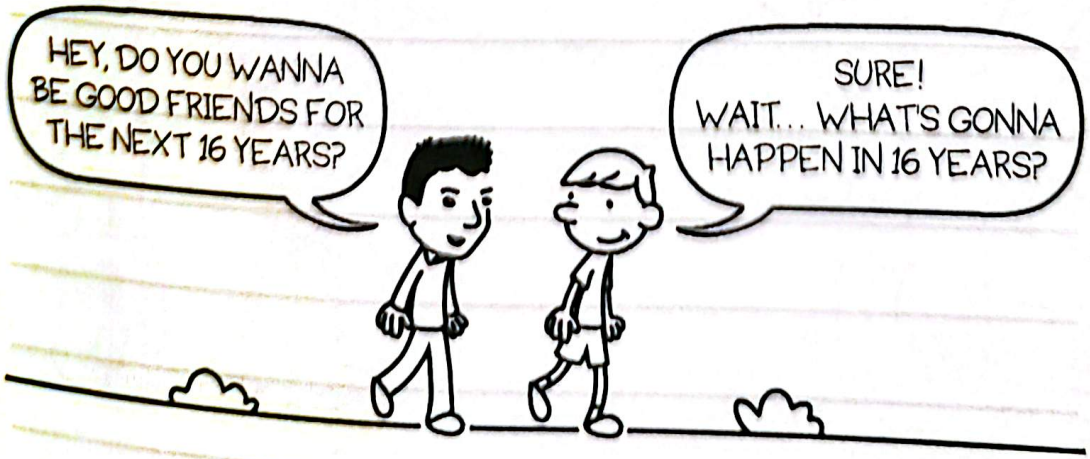
At the start of first grade, my family decided to move to Topanga where I was to attend Topanga Elementary School. I was hesitant, upset even, at the prospect of moving out of our first house in America, but the move proved to be for the best, as the years I would spend at Topanga Elementary would be some of the best years of my life.

On my first day at Topanga, I was introduced to a boy named Philip who was asked by the teacher to show me around. I instantly had flashbacks to that vile, rotten scumbag Joey, and feared that Philip was destined to betray me as well. However, Philip would instead become a lifelong friend to me.



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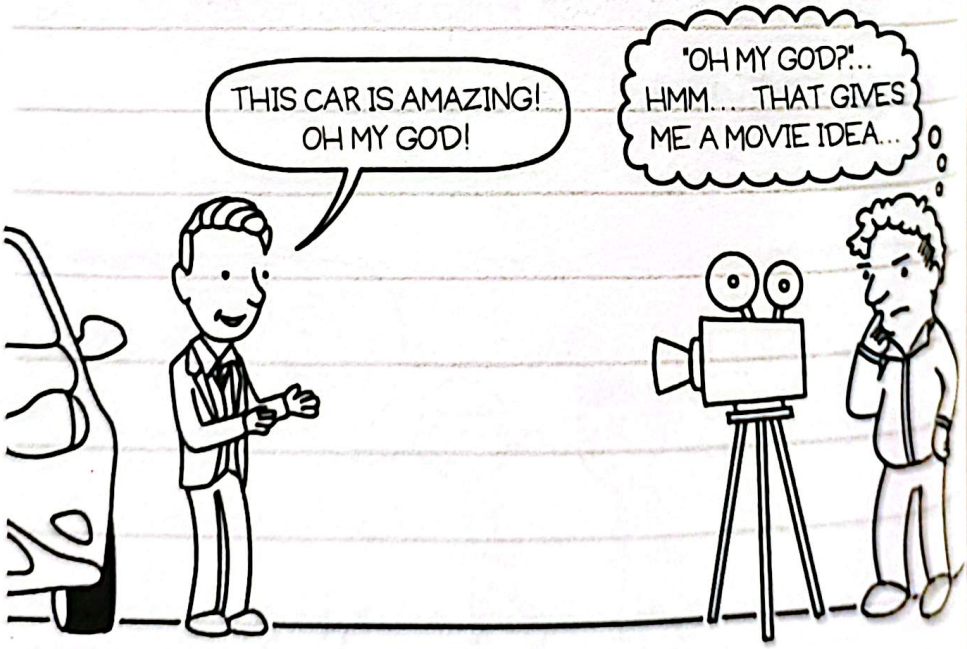
Our pilgrimage from England was proving to be successful, as Father's directing career was taking off quite well. He was hired to direct commercials by many prestigious companies, and dreamed of one day transitioning over to feature films!

The only downside to his lucrative employment was that many jobs required him to work far from home, and he would disappear for weeks at a time. I missed having my father around, but I still respected him as a powerful and successful man.



I was having a wonderful time at Topanga Elementary School. When I wasn't busy playing with Philip, I came up with a fun game called Kicking Dust. The game was simple: During recess I would stand on a patch of dirt, and I would kick at it so that a cloud of dust would form. It was exhilarating.

It wasn't long before a classmate noticed my dust kicking antics and decided to join in on the fun. His name was James, and through the fun of Kicking Dust, we quickly became friends.

We then discovered that his house was down the street from mine, and our friendship extended beyond the gates of Topanga Elementary. The two of us did everything together. We played videogames, we went to the park, we kicked dust. It wasn't long before James became my best friend, and our mothers even became friends too!

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Midway through the school year, I began to overhear my parents arguing more often than usual. I didn't think much of it, as I figured fighting and arguing was what adults were meant to do, but then I made a discovery that frightened me. I learned that parents can get a divorce and stop living together.

This new concept was deeply concerning to me, and I expressed this fear to my mother. After all of the fighting my parents had been doing, I thought for sure that a divorce would be right around the corner. However, my mother quelled my fears and promised me that she and Father would never divorce. I believed her, and my fears went away, but in a few months' time my mother's promise would prove to be false.

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Age 7

The last memory I have of my parents being together is my seventh birthday party. Our family got together with Maddy's, and we ate lobster on the beach. I remember my parents seemed so happy on that day, but thinking back on it, perhaps they were simply putting up a front so that I could enjoy my birthday. I wonder how much of their happiness was real and how much was just for show. I guess I'll never know.

Shortly after my birthday, my mother informed me that she and Father were getting a divorce. I was shocked, outraged, and above all, overwhelmed. Father was to keep the house, and my mother was to take Georgia and me and move into a new, smaller house in Topanga. We would live with our mother during the week and then stay with our father on weekends.

This event would change my life forever. I remember crying as I thought about the happy times I spent with my mother and father and realized that they were all gone now, only to exist in memory.

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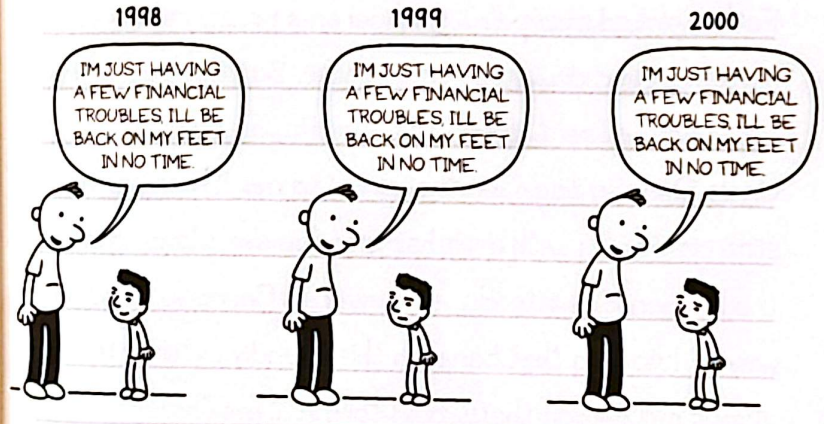
Mother's new house was the smallest that I'd ever lived in up to that point. So small, in fact, that I now was forced to share a bedroom with my sister Georgia. Needless to say, this was not a positive change.

When Father first came to pick us up for our weekend visit, Georgia cried uncontrollably because she didn't want to leave our mother. I wanted to cry too, but I held myself together.

A wave of sadness crept over me as I entered Father's house for the first time without my mother being an occupant. Her absence from this place was a cold, haunting reminder that the previous week hadn't been a nightmare, it was real. My parents had split apart, and there was nothing that could put them back together.

Our father then introduced us to his best friend Dan. He had been having some financial issues at the time, and was no longer able to remain in his house, so he would be renting a room at Father's house until he got back on his feet. Georgia and I referred to him as Uncle Dan, and he would remain at Father's house for many years.



I started second grade at Topanga Elementary, and I was disappointed that James would not be returning to the same school. James would retain his position as my best friend, but it looked like I was going to have to teach somebody else the intricacies of Kicking Dust.

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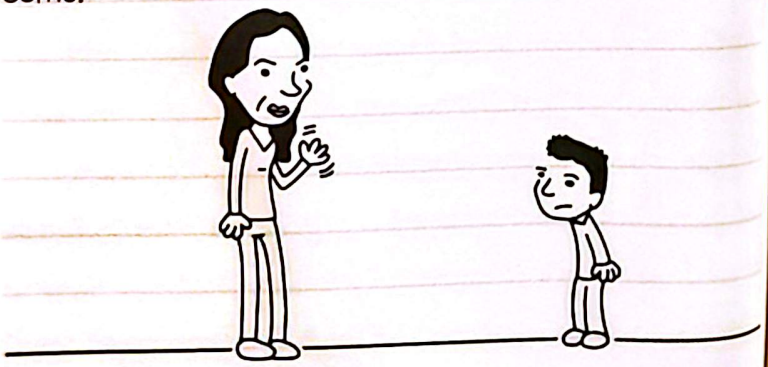
The next few months of my life fell into a static cycle. I would spend the week living at Mother's house and go to school each day, and then I would live with Father over the weekend. My life was very different than the way it was before, but I was getting used to the changes. But then a new change emerged.

Father picked me up from school on a Friday as he always did and drove me to his house. But this time when I opened the front door and walked inside, it wasn't Uncle Dan's smiling face that greeted me. There was a strange woman with dark hair and fair skin standing in the kitchen. She introduced herself as Soumaya. I had no way of knowing that beneath this friendly exterior lied a vicious, evil demon that would torment me for years to come.



I did not know what to make of this strange new woman in my father's house, but I soon learned that she was to be my new stepmother and that she had already moved in. This was baffling to me. How could it be possible that Father already had a new woman so quickly after divorcing my mother?

This convinced me that my father must have been a very attractive man. How else would he have snagged a new woman so quickly? I found myself respecting Father even more than before because he was the type of man who women find attractive. And now that I'm older, I understand how toxic this phenomenon is.

Everyone, even young children, hold more respect for men who can easily find a mate. It sickens me that even from a physiological level, men like me were never meant to be respected by society. And the dark irony is not lost on me that my father, a man who can easily find a girlfriend, would have a son who would struggle all his life to find one.

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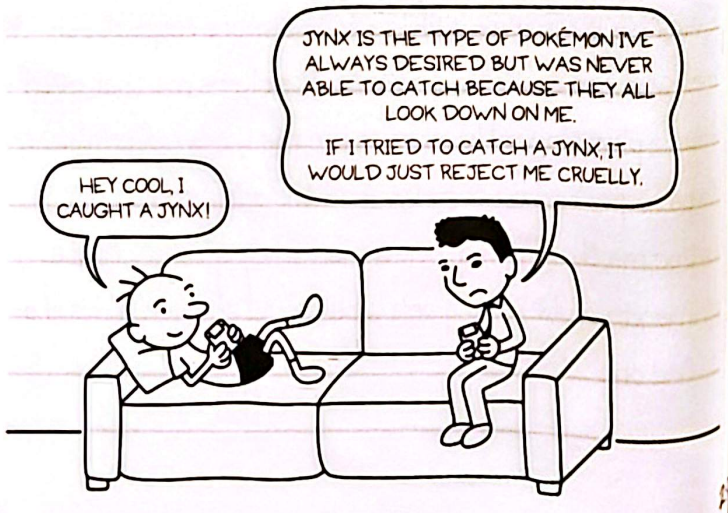
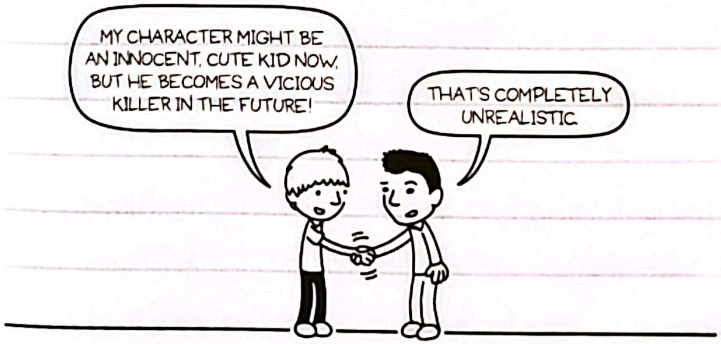
Even from early on, my relationship with Soumaya was strained. Whenever I misbehaved, Soumaya would attempt to punish me, and I would rebel against these punishments because she wasn't my real parent and I felt she had no right. This led to conflicts, many, many conflicts, that would continue on for the rest of my life.

Because we now attended different schools, James and I made an effort to play together at least once per week. Around this time, he introduced me to a new phenomenon that was taking the country by storm: Pokémon. Thanks to James, I soon became obsessed with Pokémon. I was constantly playing Pokémon Red collecting the cards, and watching the anime.



My mother was still friends with George Lucas, and we were invited to the red carpet premiere of Star Wars Episode 1. I was a huge Star Wars fan at the time (and I still am to this day), so this was a huge deal for me. I considered myself to be very lucky.

The experience was absolutely astonishing. I enjoyed the film very much, and the best part was after it ended I was able to meet some of the actors. I even shook the hand of Jake Lloyd, the child actor who played Anakin Skywalker in the film.



The rest of the school year passed very quickly, and before I knew it summer break had arrived. I had a good group of friends to hang out with, a lot of videogames to play, and my eighth birthday was right around the corner. Life was good.

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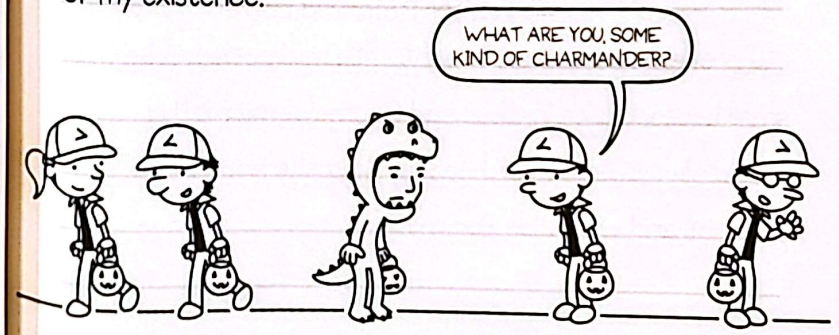
Age 8

Third grade was still a time of innocence and optimism. The genders remained segregated during lunch and recess time, and without the parasitic influence of women in my life, I was happy. I spent my free time at school playing with the other boys, comparing and trading Pokémon cards with them, and the other shenanigans that come with the naivety of a life ignorant of the evils of women. The best part of this gendered separation was that girls treated me exactly the same as any other boy. I wasn't the bottom male specimen on the sexual totem pole, I was just another boy for the girls to disregard while they played hopscotch.

This isn't to say I never interacted with my female peers. Maddy was still a friend of mine, but our friendship was waning. Thanks to the divorce, our families were having fewer and fewer get-togethers, so naturally we began to drift apart.

My eight-year-old self had no inkling of the pain and misery girls would cause me once puberty would inevitably arrive and my sexual desires for girls would develop. Sexual desires that would be mercilessly spurned. Some of the boys in my class would grow up to be embraced by girls, while I would grow up to be rejected by them. But at that moment in time, we were just innocent children growing up together. All innocence is destined to be shattered and replaced with bitter brutality.

My eighth year was one of the best, most fun periods of my life. There are so many moments from this period that stick out in my mind: playing Pokémon on a daily basis, the music festival I went to with my mother, trick-or-treating in the rich neighborhoods on Halloween (I went as a dinosaur since all of the Ash Ketchum costumes were sold out). It was truly the happiest time of my existence.



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The only bad part of that year was when Father and Soumaya forced me to spend my entire winter break in Morocco. I was looking forward to spending the long awaited break from school with my friends playing Pokémon, but Father insisted that I had to join them in Morocco so that I could meet Soumaya's family.

The trip was not a pleasant one. I found Morocco to be a very strange and backwards place. I absolutely hated the food (although the desserts weren't too bad), and it was an overall boring experience. This was my first trip to Morocco, and unfortunately it wasn't going to be my last.

Not long after, Father found renewed success as a commercial director, and he opted to move yet again, this time into a much bigger house. Although Father's new house was larger and in a more opulent neighborhood, I still preferred the time I spent with my mother in her small house. Unlike Father and Soumaya, my mother would always go out of her way to make life more pleasant and enjoyable for me.

Age 9

Up until this point, I had lived a life immersed in the carefree optimism of childhood's blissful ignorance. But now, during my ninth year on this vile earth, things would start to change. I had reached a point of maturity where the injustices of both society and the world would begin to creep into my consciousness, and from this point forward they would fester and grow into insights and philosophies that would change my perception of existence entirely. Age nine would be the beginning of the end of my life as a happy child in a world I thought to be good and pure.

Life's first frustration that crept into my consciousness during this time was the realization that I was shorter than my peers, even the girls! Up until this point, my short stature had been nothing more than a theme park nuisance, but it was now having social implications. I began to observe that the tallest boys were automatically respected more, whereas a person of my height received little to no respect at all. It was the first time I realized that I was inferior to my peers.

CamScanner

I was determined to fix this, however. I refused to sit back and watch as my taller peers received attention and respect while I received nothing. I set out to increase my stature by any means necessary.

I read that playing basketball increases a person's height, so I took up an interest in basketball with the hope that it could do the same for me. During recess, I would find a basketball and make my way to the court. Unfortunately, nobody else wanted to play, so I was left playing it by myself.

Father had a basketball hoop, so whenever I stayed at his house I would spend hours each day shooting hoops. After weeks of such practice and training, I felt defeated by the lack of results, so I gave up.

In addition to recognizing my short stature, at this time I also began to understand that I am a very jealous person by nature, and at age nine this jealous nature sprang to the surface.

When I had playdates over at James's house, he would sometimes invite other friends over to play as well. Oftentimes when this happened, I would feel left out, and would cry in the corner until my mother came to take me home.

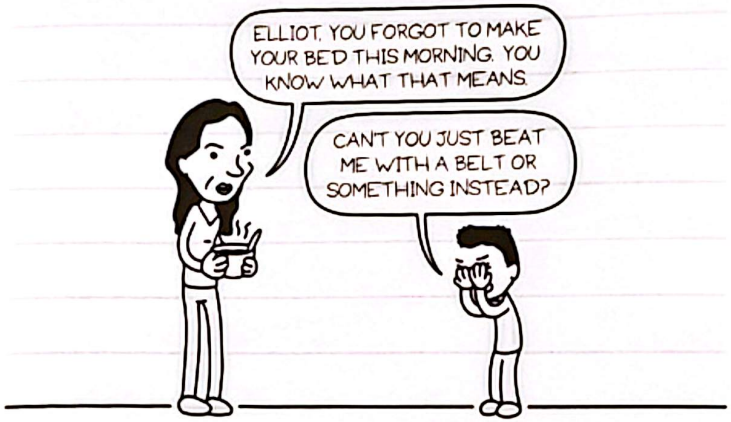
Maddy would still occasionally come over, but now that we were older she was more interested in playing with my sister Georgia instead. It was bad enough that my male peers were stealing the attention of girls away from me, but now my own sister? To this, I would cry as well.

CamScanner

Jealousy and envy... those are the two feelings that would dominate my entire life and bring me immense pain. The feelings of jealousy I had at nine-years-old were frustrating, but they were nothing compared to how I would feel once I hit puberty and would have to watch girls choosing other boys over me. Any problem I had at nine-years-old was nirvana compared to what I was doomed to face.

My parents agreed to change our living arrangement yet again. Georgia and I would now spend one full week with Mother and then one full week with Father. Due to this increased exposure, I began to have more conflicts with Soumaya than before. These conflicts were almost entirely due to the unfair rules that she would try to impose on me.

For example, I hated how every morning she would force me to drink milk, and for dinner she made me drink foul-tasting soup. She knew that I hated it and began to force me to drink the soup as punishment when I misbehaved.



This deplorable soup punishment ended up crippling my social life in a major way. One day my friend Phillip and I had a playdate at Father's house, and Georgia kept annoying us. I yelled at her to leave us alone, and as punishment for screaming at my sister Soumaya forced me to drink the soup in front of my friend. I cried and gagged on the soup while Phillip sat and watched. I was so embarrassed by this ordeal that I never had a playdate at Father's house again.

It was instances like this that made me dread the weeks I had to spend at Father's house. He was often out of town for work anyway, so I would just be stuck under the watchful eyes of Soumaya the whole time.

CamScanner

Towards the end of fourth grade, I had a revelation that there were social hierarchies and that some people are better than others. I realized that it wasn't just height, there were other factors at play that made some of my peers more valuable than the others.

There was a group of cool kids who were more admirable than everyone else. They looked, dressed, and acted in ways that made them... cooler.

Soon after having this revelation, I realized in horror that I wasn't "cool" at all. In fact, I was the antithesis of everything that made those kids stand out in the crowd.

My hairstyle was dorky, my clothes were plain and uncool and I was too shy to be popular. Plus, it didn't help that they were all white while I was half Asian. With me being mixed race while they were all pure, it was going to be even harder for me to fit in with them. If I stuck out at all, it was as a sore thumb.

I decided that I would do everything in my power to become one of the cool kids. I was immediately frustrated with my parents, as they obviously hadn't done anything over the course of my life to help shape me into being cool. It was time to take matters into my own hands since they had been so incompetent. Elliot Rodger was going to be the coolest kid in school.

Step One was fixing my hair. My field research led me to the conclusion that blonde people were much more beautiful than those of a different hair color, so if I wanted to fit in with the cool kids I needed to be blonde as well.

I convinced my parents to let me bleach my hair blonde, and Father took me to a hairdresser. However, this plan backfired immediately, as the hairdresser claimed I was too young for a full bleaching and only bleached the top of my hair. Upon inspecting my new look in the mirror, I was horrified. It was now even worse than before.

CamScanner

I dreaded going to school the next day with my horrendous new hairdo. I was expecting mockery and humiliation, and my stomach was in knots. However, as class began a classmate said that my new hair was "cool", and for the next few days I received the attention and admiration I had been craving. It might not have gone exactly according to plan, but Step One was ultimately a success.

Step Two was quitting Pokémon. One day at school I overheard one of the cool kids say that Pokémon was lame, so I knew it was time to quit. I told James I had grown too mature for the game, and it was time for my retirement from the franchise. I even gifted him my rare Charizard card as an act of resignation from the game.

Step Three was to become a skateboarder. My observation of the cool kids led to the understanding that Pokémon was a lame hobby, but skateboarding was all the rage. All the cool kids owned a skateboard and would skate around with ease. I knew that if I could become a master skateboarder, then it would be child's play to join their fold.

I convinced Father to buy me a skateboard, and he took me to a shop so that I could get one custom-built. I needed the Elliot Board 1.0 customized to show off my hip and carefree lifestyle. When my board was completed, I took it home with the intention of mastering it as quickly as possible.

It was very difficult to get the hang of at first. I struggled to get the thing to even go anywhere. Just like with basketball, I put in hours of practice every single day until I was able to get the hang of it. Before long, I had a pretty good grip of riding the thing. I wasn't quite ready to show off my skills to the cool kids yet, but I was getting there.

CamScanner

Part Three: The Last Period of Contentment

Fourth grade came to a close, and I vowed that I would spend the summer becoming as cool as possible so that by the time fifth grade rolled around I'd be ready to fit in with the cool kids.

I needed to get my skateboard skills up to such a level that the cool kids would have no choice but to acknowledge me. I didn't have a skateboard at my mother's house, only at my father's, so I had her take me out to buy a second one. I also had her buy me several new shirts with skateboard company logos on them. I've gotta say, nine-year-old me looked pretty cool decked out in those clothes while skating down the street.

I couldn't spend the summer skating alone, though. After a lot of convincing, I got my friends James and Philip to buy skateboards too. They weren't nearly as skilled on the board as I was, but that was a good thing. I definitely looked cooler by comparison.

A few weeks into summer, Father got into a quarrel with Uncle Dan and kicked him out of the house. I never saw the man again after that day. Since he had no real impact on my life whatsoever, I'm not sure why I decided to include him in my grand manifesto/diary/suicide note, but for some reason I did.

Age 10

Now that I was ten, I was finally old enough to get my entire head of hair bleached blonde rather than just the tips. Soumaya took me to the hairdresser, and I was very pleased at the result. My summer-long tranformation from lame to cool was coming along quite nicely. I now had the skateboarding prowess, the clothes, and the blonde hair. Once fifth grade started, I was going to be popular for sure.

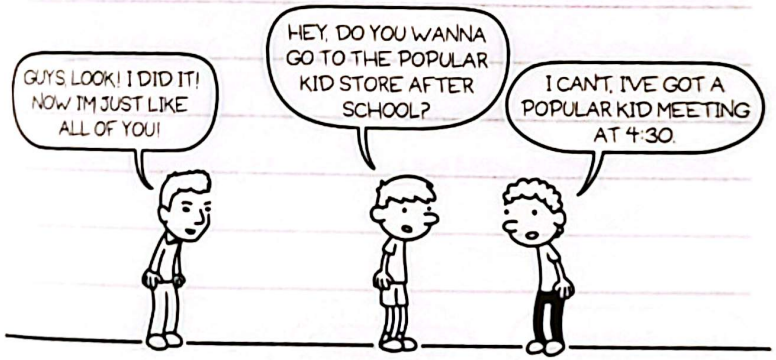
CamScanner

One evening I attended a fancy dinner party in Beverley Hills along with Father and Soumaya. I did as I usually do at such events, I helped myself to snacks and asked Father for sips of his glass of wine.

At some point I found myself engaged in a conversation with my father and a boisterous middle-aged man whose name I do not remember. Father mentioned something about my plans for the future, and to this the man grew a large smile upon his face and started patting me on the back. He then said to me, "You've got a great life ahead of you. In the next ten years, you'll have a great time... a great time."

My ten-year-old self had no idea what he meant by this, but now I do. When a boy reaches puberty, a whole new world opens up to him, a world of pleasures such as sex and love. Other boys will indeed get to experience this world, but it pains me to say that I will not. This is the basis of my tragic life. These pleasures will be denied to me, and instead I will only experience misery, rejection, loneliness, and pain.

Fifth grade began, and it was my time to shine. My plans were about to come to fruition. I had the bleached blonde hair, I had the cool shirts, I had the skateboard skills. Surely popularity was but a moment away. But, to my great disappointment, despite all the changes and upgrades I'd made to myself, nobody noticed or cared. They were all absorbed in their own worlds. The plan had failed, and the popular kids disregarded me as much as ever before.

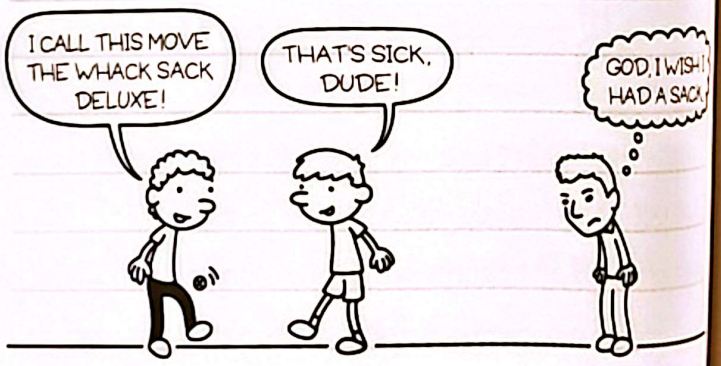


Despite this, I didn't lose my interest in skateboarding. I was actually genuinely interested in pursuing it, and I even dreamed of becoming a professional skateboarder someday. My mother took me to a skate park every Friday, and I continued honing my skills.

CamScanner

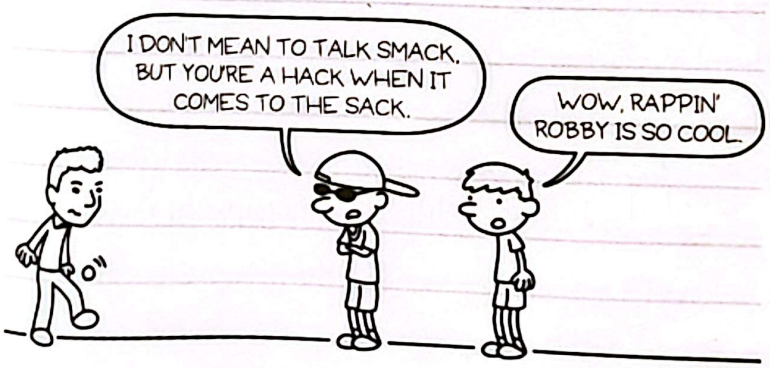
James continued skating too. Every Saturday he would sleep over at my mother's house and we would stay up late playing on my Nintendo 64, and then on Sunday morning my mother would take us to Skatelab, an indoor skate park. I was having the time of my life, and these are some of my most precious memories.

Winter break came and went, and when we returned to school the cool kids had a new interest: hacky sacking. During recess they would all stand in a circle kicking their sacks in the air with precision and skill, and boy did they look cool. I had no choice but to get a hacky sack of my own. Surely this would be how I would join the group.



I needed to get a hacky sack of my own pronto, so I convinced my mother to take me out to buy one. She took me to Pac Sun, and I chose a cool orange sack. I then spent hours every night practicing my hacky sack skills until I was good at it, and the practice paid off. It took a lot of time and effort, but I was actually quite skilled at keeping the sack in the air. I couldn't wait to show off my skills to the cool kids the next day at school (you can probably guess what happened next).

They didn't seem to care. I hacked and sacked as well as the best of them, but none of the cool kids seemed remotely interested in my skills. My plans had failed again.

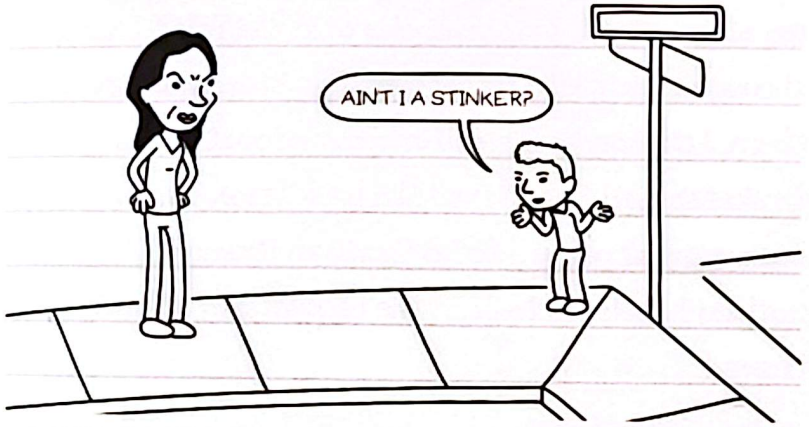


CamScanner

While my weeks at my mother's house were still amazing and wonderful, my weeks at my father's house were anything but. After being traumatized by the soup incident, I was still too afraid to invite any friends over to Father's house. Because of this, Soumaya became convinced that I had no friends, and she set out to fix this.

Her version of helping me make friends was forcing me to go talk to a group of skateboarding kids who were playing down the street. I have always been a very shy and timid person, so the prospect of approaching a group of kids I'd never met before and introducing myself was terrifying. I told Soumaya that I felt too anxious to approach them, but she didn't care. She locked me out of the house and told me I wasn't allowed back inside until I became friends with them.

I still lacked the nerve to speak to them, so I hid on a nearby street corner and hoped I could trick Soumaya into thinking I'd actually approached the group. She somehow saw through this deception and quickly confronted me.



She then forced me to approach the kids and ask if I could play with them. To my utter surprise, they were very kind and welcoming towards me, and we actually had a great time playing together.

My mother got tickets to the world premiere of Star Wars Episode II, and I was delighted that she allowed me to invite James to attend the film with us. We were awestruck by the movie, and I found it to be absolutely phenomenal. We stayed up all night discussing the film and how much we enjoyed it. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but there was something about the Anakin Skywalker character that really spoke to me.

CamScanner

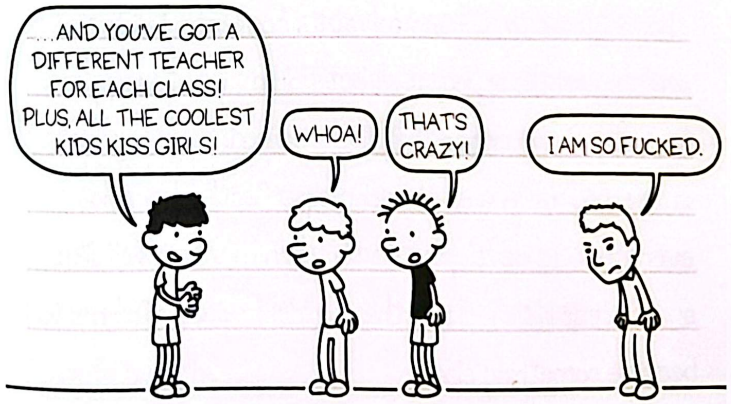
I was becoming overwhelmed with frustration that all my attempts to join the cool crowd had failed. I had gone through a complete transformation in order to please them. I changed my hair, I improved my style, I learned to skateboard, I mastered the hacky sack, but these endeavors all proved to be fruitless. It seemed there was nothing I could do to earn the respect and attention I craved.

I began to feel like a social nomad at my school. I was the boy who would travel from group to group, always trying to fit in but never fully integrating anywhere. It was like I was an outcast who didn't belong anywhere, and I think everybody felt that way about me.

Thankfully, a wrench was soon thrown into life's loneliness plan that had been set out for me. A new seating arrangement in class introduced me to a boy named John Jo, and the two of us became fast friends. Meeting John Jo definitely raised my spirits about my social standing, and we had a fun friendship that lasted a long time.

By the time the school year was coming to a close, I was having so much fun that I never wanted fifth grade to end. Sure, my schemes for popularity had fallen flat, but otherwise elementary school was a mostly wonderful experience. The main reason why I didn't want elementary school to end was because I knew what was coming next: Middle School.

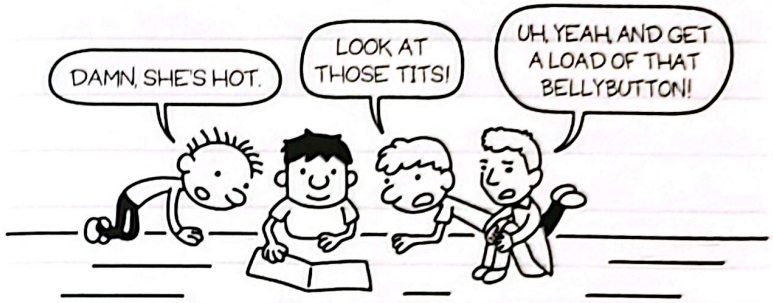
Just the thought of attending middle school instantly filled me with anxiety. I heard many rumors about what middle school life was like, and they chilled me to the very core with fear. There was a lot of talk about girls, and how it was cool to be popular with girls. This was a paradigm shift that I was completely unprepared for.



CamScanner

Girls were like completely foreign creatures to me. I was accustomed to only playing with boys—boys played with boys and girls played with girls, that's the way it was supposed to be. It was innocent. It was pure. And most of all: It was fair. Thoughts of having to interact with girls were completely overwhelming, and I tried to block these thoughts from my mind.

It seemed, however, that I was the only boy in my class who didn't feel ready to start sexualizing girls. At the end of fifth grade our class went on a camping trip, and I found myself spending the night in a cabin with five other guys. One of them pulled out a magazine he'd snuck in with him, and it was full of pictures of beautiful women. All of the boys in the cabin gathered around the magazine to ooh and aah at its contents. I didn't understand the appeal at all, but I didn't want to appear uncool, so I pretended that the women in the magazine interested me as well. It became perfectly clear that everyone was developing faster than me. I still felt like an innocent little kid, but the world was ready for me to become something else.



At long last, graduation day came. Never again would I be an elementary student. The future had arrived for me, and there was no going back. My fears were coming alive—I was growing up.

After the graduation ceremony, my mother took me out to a sushi restaurant to celebrate. We reflected on my time in elementary school. I felt so accomplished and proud at how far I'd come. I was happy about the experiences I'd had, but I was also sad that it was all over. As the big day came to a close, it fully dawned on me that a major chapter of my life was ending, and a new one was beginning. A new chapter that filled me with fear and trepidation, and would eventually prove my fears to be right.

CamScanner

I figured that my final summer before middle school would be my last chance to live life as a carefree child before being thrust into a world that I wasn't ready for. Unfortunately, it wasn't long before my high spirits were crushed.

My mother continued taking me to the skate park, something that I still very much enjoyed, but one day I noticed a group of kids that were a few years younger than me who were far more skilled on the board. These kids were pulling off cool tricks that I was incapable of. In that moment, I realized how much I sucked.

I thought I'd finally found a sport that I could be good at, but those kids proved that I was as unskilled at skateboarding as I was everything else. I was bitterly angry at the realization that I failed at everything I tried. My dream of becoming a professional skateboarder died on that day, and I lost all interest in skateboarding. Life refused to give me a single success. I was doomed to fail at everything.

Age 11

A few weeks before the new school year began, I got a haircut and decided not to bleach it blonde again. I figured since I was starting over at a new school full of people I'd never met before, it would be appropriate to present a new version of myself. Besides, the blonde hair didn't do much for me in the realm of popularity in the first place, so it wasn't a big loss.

Not long after, the day that had haunted my mind with fear all summer finally arrived. The first day of middle school. I shook with fear and anxiety as I got ready for the day. Things were different now. No longer was I a carefree child who could happily enjoy school—now that I was older I actually worried about what people would think of me. I dreaded coming across as unpopular or undesirable. Panic was setting in.

I had no idea how to act as a middle schooler. I didn't know how to act around girls, I didn't know what was cool anymore, and I didn't know how I was going to start over at a school where I didn't have any friends.

CamScanner

On the first few days of school I withdrew into a defensive shell, too timid to speak to anybody. Instead of communicating with my classmates, I observed them. I focused keenly on how they acted, who the cool kids were, and what they were into. Perhaps if I studied them, I would be able to become them.

My initial conclusion about what set the cool kids apart from the rest of us was that they were overly confident and aggressive. These traits intimidated me, and I found myself hating them. But the strange thing was, despite the fact that I hated them and was disgusted by their obnoxious behavior, I also desperately wanted to become friends with them.

While hiding in my shell, I also began to observe the girls. Upsettingly, they all seemed to be taller than me. To make matters worse, I was disgusted to watch as the girls flocked to the obnoxious jerks in my class. These boys were loud, aggressive morons, and the girls couldn't have been more interested in them.

This taught me an important lesson all the way back at age eleven—that the world is a brutal place, and human beings are nothing more than savage animals. Everything Father had taught me up to that point had been disproven. He taught me to be a polite, kind gentleman, but clearly this was wrong. In the real world, girls don't flock to the gentlemen, they flock to the alpha males, the raucous, abominable brutes. Women are like children, they are attracted to power and status rather than kindness and politeness.

CamScanner

Due to my shy, observant nature during the first week of school, I quickly earned the reputation of "shy new kid." This isn't to say I was ignored, however. To my surprise and delight, the girls in school actually treated me quite well. I think they found my shyness to be cute.

The pretty girls in school liked to give everybody hugs as a form of greeting, and I was no exception. I was very welcoming to these hugs. I didn't understand why, but getting hugged by those pretty girls was the best feeling ever. Those hugs enraptured every fiber of my being. Cruelly, those hugs in sixth grade were the last female contact I would have in my life, and I never again would feel the enrapturing glow of a woman's embrace or affection.

One day during class, I was called to the office. I had no idea what this could have been about, and I hoped I wasn't in trouble. When I arrived, I found my mother there, and she told me we were leaving. She appeared to be upset, and I remained in the dark as I followed her to the car.

When we got in the car, she told me the bad news. James's mother had just passed away from breast cancer. I began to feel sick. Poor James was just a kid like me. He was way too young to lose his mother.

James's family had a get-together at their house that night, and my mother and I went. I found James sitting alone in his room, his face immersed in a deep sadness. I offered my condolences for his loss, and he tried to hide his emotions from me. He stoically told me that he accepted what happened—his mother was dead and that was the end of it. I didn't know what to say, and we never spoke of it again.

Later that evening, James and I played tag in the backyard with the other children. I couldn't understand his grieving process, but I didn't think about it for too long.

My little brother Jazz is about that age now. I wonder if he'll react to the news as James did. But I probably won't be giving him the opportunity to grieve.

CamScanner

Despite the occasional hugs from the pretty girls, I was still a social outcast in middle school. I hadn't made any friends, and I was desperate for companionship, so it's no surprise that I ended up hanging out with the biggest bully in school—a boy named Connor.

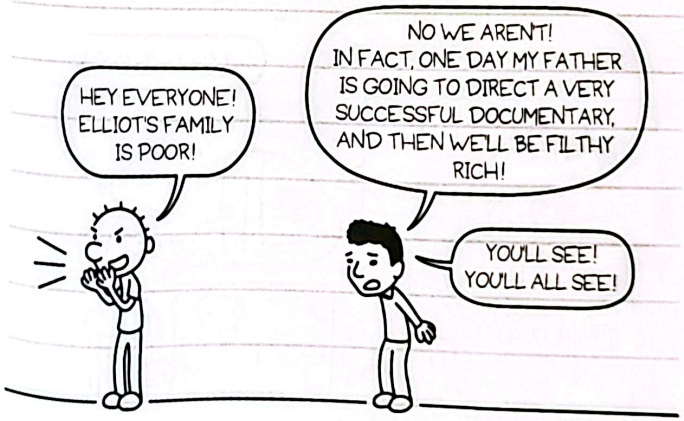
The girls liked the pompous, obnoxious guys, but Connor was the one exception. He was a generally aggressive and mean-spirited boy who nobody wanted to hang out with, but in my desperation I settled for his companionship. He often pushed me around and tried to act tough, but I was too timid to care.

One day when Mother was picking me up from school, she saw Connor and I together and was delighted to see that I had made a friend. She introduced herself to him and invited him over for a playdate without even asking me.

I was worried about having somebody visit me at my mother's because she lived in a very small house in an undesirable neighborhood, and my classmates were all rich. These worries were soon proven valid.

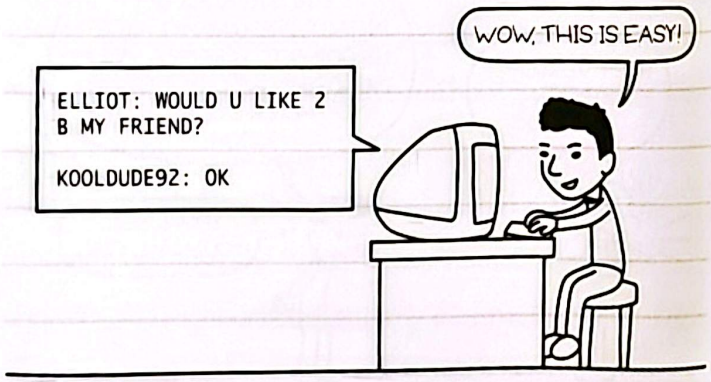
Connor came over, and we spent the evening playing videogames. We had a decent time. But then the next day at school my worst fears came to life. Connor went around telling everybody that I lived in a poor house and that I was a poor kid.

I felt humiliated, and I desperately wanted to prove him wrong. I tried to tell everybody that my father lived in a gigantic house and was a successful commercial director, and I even went as far as providing photographic evidence. I wanted to invite people over to Father's house to prove Connor wrong, but I was still traumatized by Soumaya's soup incident, so I was too scared to bring anyone over to Father's house.



This incident with Connor deepened the social void that I had fallen into. I felt as though I was completely incapable of making friends at school, and I wondered if I would ever make friends again. It wouldn't be long until this social void would be filled with the numerous friends I would make on AOL instant messenger.

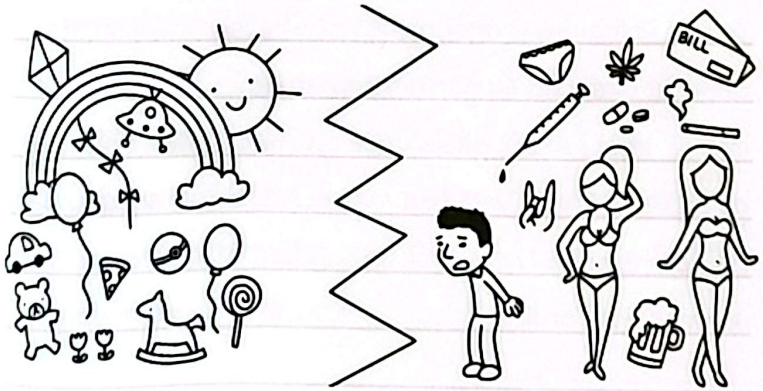
The internet was still a relatively new phenomenon at the time, and I was fascinated by it. With just a few clicks, I could find myself in an online chatroom communicating with strangers from around the world. Using AOL instant messenger, I was able to befriend fellow middle and high schoolers from around the country. I found it much easier to make friends online than in real life.



The AOL chatroom wasn't all fun and games, though. One day I received a message that changed my life forever and shook me to the very core.

One of my new online friends sent me a picture of beautiful naked girls along with the message "check this out!" I was shocked beyond words. I had never seen what beautiful girls looked like naked. I couldn't believe my eyes.

The image filled me with strong and overwhelming emotions. I was traumatized. It was as though I could physically feel my childhood fading away. An ominous fear swept over me that I had just crossed a threshold into adulthood, a realm beyond childhood innocence. I never spoke to that person again.



CamScanner

Sixth grade came to an end, and although I didn't make any friends, I would still consider it to be the best of my three years of middle school. It was the only year I wasn't invisible. It was the only year girls gave me hugs, or even any attention at all. It was the only year I still felt happy at school. My life in middle school would only go downhill from here.

Needless to say, I was excited when summer vacation began. I was desperate for a break from the social and academic turmoil of middle school. I spent the summer mostly playing with John Jo, but I still saw James from time to time.

My summer was going well, so naturally life found a way to ruin it for me. For some ghastly reason, my parents decided I needed to go to summer camp for four weeks, and as usual I didn't get a vote on the matter. If I could go back in time, I would have protested this decision even harder, because there was an incident at that camp that scarred me for life.

I was playing with a group of kids, and I accidentally revealed that I'm extremely ticklish. So my playmates, being the loathsome demons that most children are, started tickling me. I tried to get away from them, but they had surrounded me, and in my attempted escape efforts I bumped into a pretty girl.

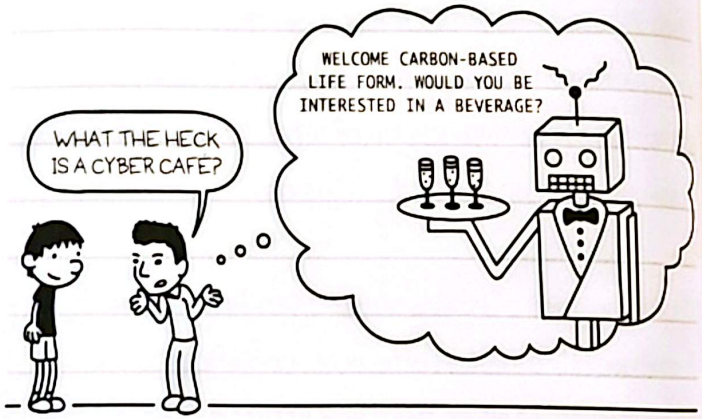
She became very angry with me for bumping into her even though I made it clear that it wasn't my fault. She then started cursing at me and pushed me down while everyone around stood and watched. I was in shock. I completely froze up, unsure of what to do, and I didn't speak a word for the rest of the day.

Cruel treatment from women is ten times worse than from men. It leads to feelings of insignificance and unworthiness. I felt so small and pathetic. This incident traumatized me to no end. Up to that point I was already nervous around girls, but I was now extremely weary and cautious about interacting with them. I never wanted to feel those feelings ever again.

CamScanner

Age 12

John Jo came over to my mother's house for the first time ever to have a sleepover, and he introduced me to something that would change my life forever. Down the street from my mother's house, there was a place called Planet Cyber, a cyber café with the best online PC games. I had no idea such a place existed, I had never even heard of it before, but there it was within walking distance of my mother's house.



I was fascinated by the prospect of playing a game online with other people. AOL instant messenger was one thing, but playing videogames with other people was a whole new level (no pun intended). John Jo and I had a blast playing games there, and I couldn't wait to go back.

Thus began a weekly tradition of Friday night sleepovers that were mere excuses for a Saturday spent at Planet Cyber. John Jo invited his friends Charlie and Elijah to come as well, and the four of us became a close-knit group of friends held together by our love of online computer games. Having sleepovers and playing at Planet Cyber with those guys were some of the best experiences of my life.

Seventh grade began, and to my horror I recognized some of the boys from summer camp. I hoped they didn't remember my embarrassing incident with the pretty girl, and I avoided them as best I could.

Even on the first day of school, I knew nothing was going to change about my social life. I watched as my peers fell into cliques and befriended one another while I remained an outcast without a group. But this didn't really bother me. I was content with the friend group I had established outside of school, so making friends at school wasn't really a concern for me.

CamScanner

One day, my mother threw a huge party at her house, and everyone we knew was invited. It was truly an interesting and unique experience. My various worlds collided for the first and only time. I invited John Jo, Charlie, and Elijah, and James attended as well even though I hadn't hung out with him very much in recent years.

Midway through the evening, James told me he didn't like my new friends and he thought they were all jerks. I disagreed with his analysis, but I had always disliked James's other friends too, so I guess that made us even.

Overall, the party was a wonderful occasion, and it was fun to have so many friends visiting all at the same time. The last two people to leave were James and Maddy. It was quite peculiar playing with my two oldest friends at the same time. It had been a while since I'd seen Maddy, and this would be the last time we played together as friends. She was now just another piece of my childhood that was fading away.

Not long after, Charlie introduced me to a game called Warcraft 3. It was unlike any game I had ever seen before. You could build an army and battle against other players online. It was just the type of game I'd always dreamed of, and I was captivated by it. It became my go-to game whenever I went to Planet Cyber.

This began my long relationship with the Warcraft franchise, a relationship that would define several years of my life. A year later the game World of Warcraft would be released, and that online world would serve as a sanctuary for me throughout my teen years.

Seventh grade flew by very fast. I was still as unpopular as ever at school, if not even more so now, but it didn't bother me anymore. As long as I had my friends to go to the cyber café with, I would be happy. My twelfth year was shaping out to be one of the best of my life, and it would be the final year that I was happy.

My thirteenth birthday was swiftly approaching, but I foolishly hadn't given any thought to my future. I was

CamScanner

about to be a teenager and enter a brand-new phase of my life. A vile, monstrous thing called puberty was right around the corner, and it promised to completely change my world and collapse my life into utter despair. But I still had no idea what puberty was. I was so naive. If only I would have been prepared...

One evening shortly before my birthday, Soumaya and Father called Georgia and me into the dining room for a special announcement. Soumaya told us to feel her stomach—she was pregnant! I was going to have a baby brother! I was elated by this news, as I had always wanted a baby brother. It's ironic to think that I was once so excited for his life, but I am now determined to be the cause of his death.

Age 13

I spent the final weeks of summer having sleepovers and going to Planet Cyber with my friends. But of course, all good things must come to an end, and this summer was no exception. I cried on the last day of summer break as I reflected on all the great memories it created. I didn't know this at the time, but it would be the last good summer of my life.

Eighth grade began on a rather mellow note. I noticed that younger boys in the grades below me were becoming popular, especially with girls, and I felt envy and resentment for them, but at that time it didn't bother me too much.

The games at Planet Cyber were too powerful to run on my mother's slow internet, so the only way I could play them was by going to the café. This all changed when I convinced Father to buy Warcraft 3 for his laptop. I was finally able to play online games from the comfort of home, even if Soumaya put strict limits on my playtime.

CamScanner

My friendships with John Jo, Charlie, and Elijah were starting to wane. Now that the new school year had started, they all seemed busy with other things, or at least too busy to come over for a sleepover every Friday.

They also expressed that they had grown bored with Planet Cyber and thus had lost interest in sleeping over every week. I still saw them individually from time to time, but the golden age of our group sleepovers had come to an end.

I continued walking to Planet Cyber alone, sometimes to just reminisce about the good times that had now faded away.

One day when I was alone at Planet Cyber I experienced something that would traumatize me for life. I saw an older teenager watching pornography. I saw everything. I saw the man stick his penis inside the girl's vagina. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

I barely had any idea what sex was, and now I was seeing it all on full display. The sight was shocking, traumatizing, and arousing. I left the café immediately and cried walking home, and for the next few days I was shaken.

This was among the very first glimpses I had of sex. Finding out about sex is one of the things that truly destroyed my entire life.

Sex... the very word fills me with hate. Once I hit puberty, I would always want it, like any other boy. I would always hunger for it, I would always covet it, I would always fantasize about it. But I would never get it. Not getting sex is what will shape the very foundation of my miserable youth. This was a very dark day.

CamScanner

The next game in the Warcraft franchise was released—World of Warcraft, and I desperately wanted to play it. Father bought it for me, but unfortunately he used his laptop so often for work that I had to wait an entire month to actually play the game. In the meantime, I read through the manual several times, and my excitement for the game grew and grew.

The first character I made in the game was a night elf druid. Playing World of Warcraft was like entering a new plane of existence. It was like living another life, a more exciting life. I loved playing the game, and when I was unable to play it was all I could think about.

This is the point where my social life died completely. It all started when my mother decided to move into a new apartment that wasn't walking distance from Planet Cyber. Since the café was too far away and I was ashamed to let anyone know I lived in an apartment, I no longer invited friends over.

I began losing contact with all the guys I'd spent the last two years creating amazing memories with. One by one they slipped through my fingers without so much as a final goodbye. The only friend I remained in contact with was James, but he and I didn't talk often at all anymore.

The only upside to this new apartment was that it had high speed internet which meant I could now play World of Warcraft on Mother's computer.

This was the beginning of a very lonely period of my life where my only social interactions were through online videogames, with James being the only exception. This loss of a social life, coupled with the advent of puberty, caused me to die a little on the inside.

CamScanner

Part Four: Stuck in the Void

My mother getting high speed internet was an absolute game changer for me. No longer were my World of Warcraft exploits restricted by the amount of money in my pocket or Soumaya's ludicrous rules. I could play whenever I wanted for however long I wanted.

Now that my gaming habit was unchained, I became addicted. World of Warcraft became the only thing I cared about. School was now boring to me. I had no interest in doing school work or developing a social life. I no longer cared about what my peers thought of me.

My insatiable boredom, coupled with my apathy for my image, led me to act out at school. I would behave in strange and annoying ways around my classmates just to garner their attention. By doing so, I shed my reputation as the "quiet, shy" kid and instead earned the title of "weird kid."

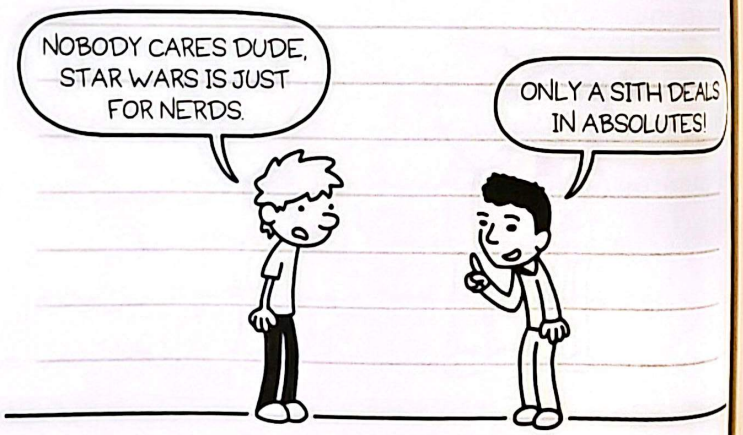
The big day I had been waiting months for finally arrived. Soumaya gave birth to a tiny baby boy, and they named him Jazz.

It was an exciting day, but I found myself surprised at the lack of interest I had in the momentous occasion. I was not nearly as impacted by this birth as I expected I would be. I think I was just so caught up in my own personal and emotional changes that I felt a lot less invested in having a little brother than I would have a year or two prior.

CamScanner

The final film in the Star Wars prequel trilogy premiered, and yet again Mother was able to get us tickets to the big event. This third film was perhaps my favorite of the trilogy. I especially liked the character Anakin Skywalker, and I was amazed to see his epic transformation into Darth Vader on the big screen.

At school, I bragged to everyone that I'd attended the premiere because my mother is friends with George Lucas, but nobody cared. In fact, this news only made them look down on me even further because Star Wars was seen as a "nerdy" interest.



As middle school approached its ultimate end, I was still miserable there. I was extremely unpopular, widely disliked, and viewed as the weirdest kid in school.

But I had no choice other than acting weird in order to gain attention, even if the attention was negative and led to bullying. I was happier being known as the weird kid rather than the shy, invisible kid. Infamy is better than total obscurity.

One of the worst bullies I had at the time was a girl named Monette. She often called me rude names and publicly mocked my antisocial behavior. The problem was I had a crush on her. In fact, she was the first crush I'd ever had. So to be teased and ridiculed by her wounded me deeply.

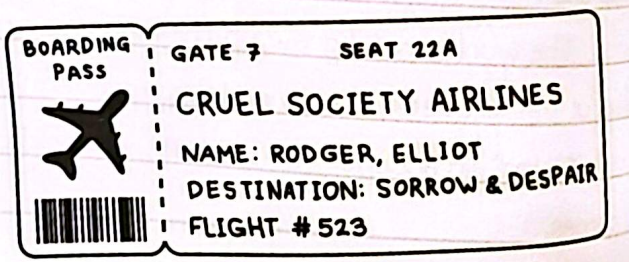
This was the final nail in the coffin of my optimistic childhood. The world that I grew up thinking was bright and blissful was all over. I was living in a depraved world, and I didn't want to accept it, so I hid in the world of online games.

CamScanner

Once middle school ended, I intended on spending the entire summer doing nothing but playing World of Warcraft. The only way I could cope with existing in such a bleak and cruel world was by escaping into one that I enjoyed and thrived in. So naturally, life decided to throw a wrench into this plan.

Father and Soumaya announced they were going to Morocco for eight weeks, and they wanted me to come with them. This was the worst news I could have possibly heard. That would be two months that I wouldn't be able to play World of Warcraft. My summer—no—my life would be ruined!

I threw a tantrum and begged Mother to let me stay home, but she did nothing. Father and Soumaya had already purchased my plane ticket. The plan was set. I was going to Morocco.



I was at Mother's house on the final night before our departure. She allowed me to stay up until midnight playing World of Warcraft since I would have to leave it soon. I cried through this final game session and said goodbye to my online friends. I would miss the game dearly.

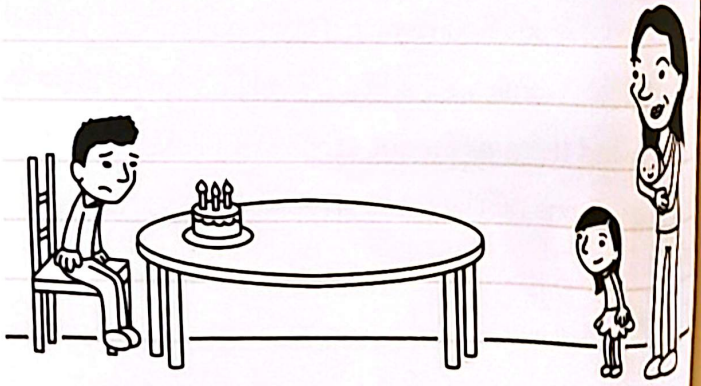
We arrived at Father's house the next day, and I was horrified to learn that Father had to work for the first few weeks of summer which meant I'd be going with just Soumaya, Georgia, and baby Jazz. I felt like I had been punched in the gut. I knew the trip was going to be a disaster.

And I was right. Baby Jazz cried nonstop during our travels, and this put Soumaya in a very bad mood. To make matters worse, we had to travel coach, and our flight plan had three different stops. This full day of travelling was one of the most stressful periods of my life.

CamScanner

This "vacation" didn't get much better once we arrived at our destination. One day we went to the beach and I contracted a virus while swimming in the ocean. This caused me to become extremely ill, and I spent an entire week in bed aching and vomiting. I had never been that ill before in my life. Whenever I thought about Morocco in the future, I would remember that horrid experience.

Thankfully, I had recovered from my illness by the time my birthday rolled around. However, every silver lining has a dark cloud. I was quite upset to learn that Father was still busy working, and would not be able to attend my birthday party. Yet again, I needed my father to be there for me, and he was nowhere to be seen.



Age 14

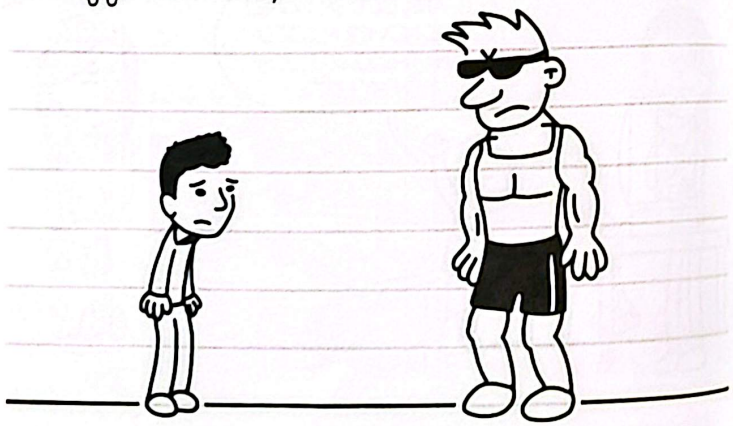
My time in Morocco lasted much too long, and by the end of it I was terribly depressed and homesick. I wanted nothing more than to go home and immerse myself in World of Warcraft, but once I got home I would be starting high school immediately, so I wouldn't even be able to do that.

This was the longest I'd gone without seeing my mother, so when I arrived at her home I rushed in and gave her a big hug and then asked if I could go play World of Warcraft. I logged in and greeted my online friends, and they tried to catch me up on everything I'd missed while I was away.

CamScanner

I only got one day to enjoy World of Warcraft before the day I had been dreading for years finally arrived. My first day of high school. I was beyond terrified. Middle school had been terrible to me, and I knew high school would be even worse. I was so scared that I started crying in the car and refused to get out.

I had convinced my parents to send me to an all-male Catholic school so that I wouldn't have to be subjected to the cruelties of women, but even though no women were present, I still felt like I didn't belong. I was intimidated by all the huge senior guys. I was still tiny, puny even. It seemed like an error on the part of the universe that I was expected to share the hallways with these gigantic, beastly men.



By the end of my first week, I still hadn't made any friends. I figured things couldn't get much worse for me, but then I faced my first experience of true bullying. This wasn't just teasing like in middle school. This was the real deal.

I was sitting alone at lunch, and some seniors started to throw their food at me. It made a mess and stained my clothes. When they saw how upset it was making me, all they did was laugh.

This wasn't just a one-time occurrence either. They now saw me as an easy target (or, perhaps, target practice), and they continued throwing food at me during lunch and after school on a daily basis.

This harassment drove me deeper into the World of Warcraft. It was the only place where I could escape from my problems. Father even bought me my own laptop, so I could play the game much more often at his house, although oftentimes I had to sneak it because Soumaya was still very strict about my playtime.

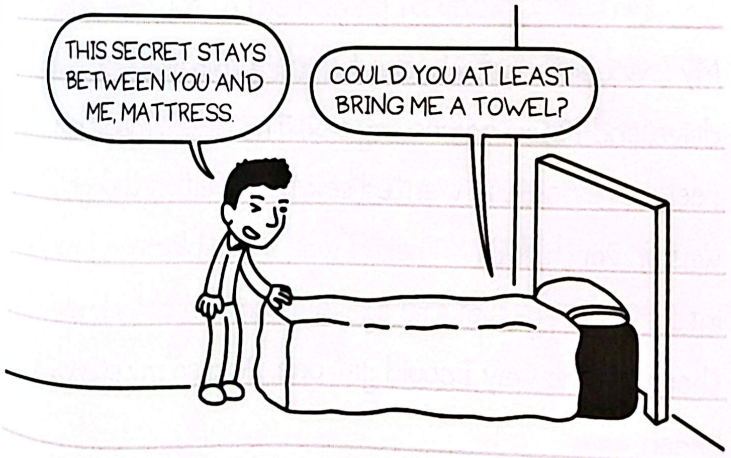
CamScanner

I discovered James also played World of Warcraft, and this rekindled our friendship. I started going to his house more often so that we could play the game together. These playdates reminded me of when we were children playing Pokémon together. It felt nice. These nostalgic experiences provided a small respite from my daily sufferings at school.

As the school year went on, the bullying got worse and worse. Now it was more than just seniors throwing their food at me. Word got out that I was afraid of girls, so people started calling me a faggot. Guys would steal my belongings and run away so that I would chase after them, and they would mock me for being weak and slow. I hated every single person at that school so much.

Winter break couldn't have come sooner, and shortly after I did too. In late December, I had my first experience with masturbation and ejaculation. At that point I had been going through the stages of puberty at a rapid pace, and I had a lot of strong sexual urges.

I often fantasized about hot naked girls while rubbing my penis against my mattress. One time while I was doing this there was an intense stirring numbness all around my penis, and then a volcanic eruption of white, sticky fluid spurted out. I had no idea what had just happened. The only thing I was certain of was that it felt heavenly. However, I felt extremely guilty about what had transpired, and I decided not to tell anyone.



CamScanner

After this exhilarating experience, I started masturbating on a regular basis. I wanted to masturbate to pictures of hot girls, so I went on the internet to find some. However, I didn't know how to access pornographic websites, so I settled for browsing regular websites until I found a picture of any random hot girl.

My frequent masturbation habit led to a high sex drive, and I started craving sex. This desire made me feel depressed, as I wanted sex, but I felt as though I was unworthy of it. There I was, a late bloomer, finally interested in girls at the age of fourteen, but I knew there was no way I could get one. And so my starvation began.

To make matters worse, the boys at my school talked about sex A LOT. It was a constant reminder of my unachievable craving, and it felt like salt being poured in the wound when they claimed they'd had sex before. I couldn't believe them, and I hoped they were lying.

Could it be possible that boys my age were already having sex? The mere thought shook me to the core. Words cannot describe how much hatred and envy I felt for those boys. That hatred would only fester the more I suffered from my sexual starvation.

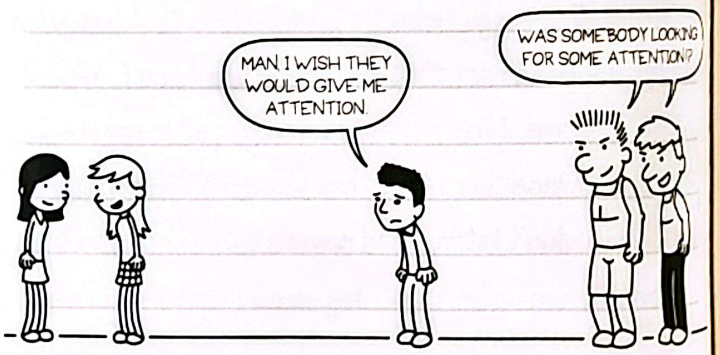
My first year of high school came to an end, and my parents agreed that I needed to attend a new school the following year due to the bullying I'd undergone. They decided on Taft High School, a public school that has girls in it. I knew for a fact that this school would be FAR WORSE for me. I had never been so scared in my life. I tried to convince them that they were making a mistake, but they wouldn't listen. I had never felt so betrayed by my parents.

CamScanner

Age 15

Nightmare. My first week at Taft was a toxic nightmare. Every single second of it was pure agony. I suspected I must have accidentally died from excessive masturbation because I was now trapped in a living hell.

The bullying was relentless. It was even worse than at the Catholic school. I was so used to my private school uniform that I continued wearing a polo shirt and khaki pants every day, completely unaware that this made me look like a huge nerd. I was still in the process of going through puberty, so I both looked and sounded like a ten-year-old. My persona attracted zero attention from girls but it did attract bullies like moths to a flame.



I felt like an innocent, scared little boy trapped in a jungle of malicious predators.

Between classes, boys would push me into lockers. One time a boy called me a loser right in front of his girlfriends. His pretty girlfriends. And they didn't seem to mind that he was such an evil bastard. In fact, they probably liked him even more for it.

These traumatic incidents truly opened my eyes to how brutal the world is, and more specifically about the evil nature of women. The meanest and most depraved of men come out on top, and women flock to these men. Their evil acts are rewarded by women; while the good, decent men like me are laughed at. It is sick, twisted, and wrong in every way. I hated the girls even more than the bullies because of this.

The sheer cruelty of the world around me was so intense that I will never recover from the mental scars. Any experience I had before never traumatized me as much as this.

CamScanner

After my horrendous first week at Taft, I was terrified to go back for a second. I shook in fear and was on the brink of tears as I got dressed and ready on Monday morning. Mother and I got in the car so that she could drive me to school, and halfway there I broke down and cried to her. I begged her to not take me to that horrible place.

She became concerned and pulled into a café so we could talk. We ordered drinks, and I spent an hour explaining how much I was suffering and how miserable my life at Taft was. When I finished, she agreed that I needed to be taken out of Taft. I never stepped foot in that godforsaken hellhole ever again.

My parents spent the next month trying to figure out what to do with me. My next school would have to be carefully researched in order to prevent history from repeating itself. I used the free month to play World of Warcraft nonstop while trying to recover from my pain and suffering.

We eventually found a school that we were all satisfied with. It was a tiny school called Independence High, and the best part about this school was that it was only in session for three hours a day. This was optimal for me, as it would allow me to indulge in my World of Warcraft addiction more than ever.

At this time, Father was traveling around the world to film a documentary he was directing about religion. The film was to be titled "Oh My God", and he was convinced it would be successful and he would become rich from it. I was hopeful that he was right. How naive I was... the film would only bankrupt him in the future.

CamScanner

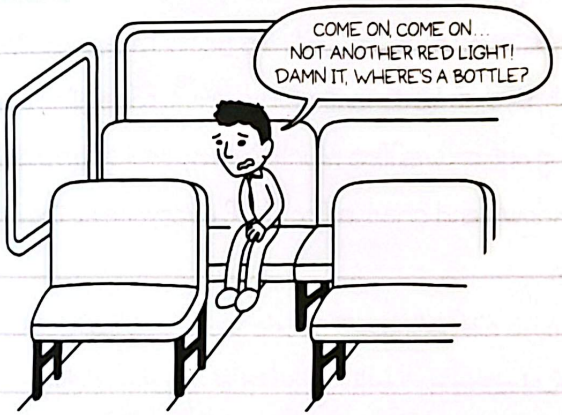
Even though Father was literally on the other side of the planet, I still had to live at his house half the time. This led to more heated conflicts with Soumaya about how much I was playing World of Warcraft. She wanted to strictly limit how often I could play the game. It felt as though she was trying to strip away my only source of joy left in the world.

The school year came to a close without anything noteworthy happening. Summer arrived, and I had nothing to do but play World of Warcraft alone in my bedroom. I was about to turn sixteen, a major milestone in life, but it meant nothing to me. My loneliness was consuming me, and it devoured my ability to care.

Age 16

By the end of summer break, World of Warcraft was barely making up for the loneliness I felt, and as eleventh grade began I was more depressed than ever.

Even though I was old enough to drive, I was too afraid to learn how, so I rode the bus to and from school every day. At this point my sex drive had hit its peak, and I was always anxious to get home from school so that I could masturbate.



Father's documentary was a failure, and he suffered deep financial setbacks that required him to cut off child support payments. Due to this, Mother was forced to move out of her house and into a condominium. I wondered if things could get any worse for me.

CamScanner

One evening I joined Father and Soumaya for a dinner party at a family friend's house. The family we were visiting had a daughter named Pollina, and she had invited a few of her friends over as well. They were all good looking, popular boys and girls. They were the kinds of people I had always desired to be a part of, but had never been able to fit in with. They were the people I aspired to be, and they were the people I hated.

They began talking about their awesome lives and parties, and I lost control of myself. To be seated across from the physical embodiment of the great social life I was missing out on was too much for my soul to bear. I had a breakdown and cried in front of everyone at the dinner party.

I knew I could never have a life as good as theirs, and I didn't see a point in living any longer. I told everyone I wanted to commit suicide. Father and Soumaya spent three hours trying to cheer me up. We were never invited over for dinner again.

As the school year came to an end, I had sunk into the darkest depths of my depression thus far. Due to the dinner party incident, my feelings of inferiority were at an all-time high. On the cusp of my seventeenth year, I was beginning to realize how truly unfair my life was.

I would find myself immersed in rage whenever I compared myself to my peers. It angered me that they were able to experience the things I desired while I was not. I'd never had the experience of going to a party with other teenagers, I'd never had my first kiss, I'd never held hands with a girl, I'd never lost my virginity. I began to question why I was condemned to suffer through such misery.

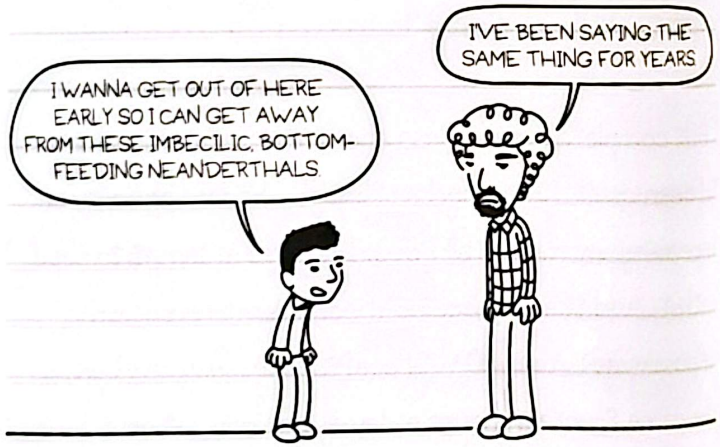
I felt completely powerless about the unfair life situation I'd been dealt. It seemed as though I had no options for improving my misery, all I could do was attempt to cope with it. And the only coping mechanism I had at my disposal was World of Warcraft. That summer, I played the game fourteen hours a day every day.

CamScanner

Age 17

Even though I only attended school three hours each day, that was still far too much. I couldn't stand being in the same room as my degenerate, low-class classmates any longer, so I vowed to finish high school by the end of February so that I could get away from them as quickly as possible.

I spoke with my teachers about it, and they agreed to give me extra homework every night so I could work ahead through the required curriculum and graduate by the end of winter.



The only people in my life who I could even remotely consider friends at this point were James, Steve, and Mark (the latter two being James's friends I met through our World of Warcraft raids), but I only ever interacted with them online. The four of us would chat and play World of Warcraft together, and I felt as though they all liked me. But then I learned the three of them often had World of Warcraft meetups at their houses, and they never bothered to invite me.

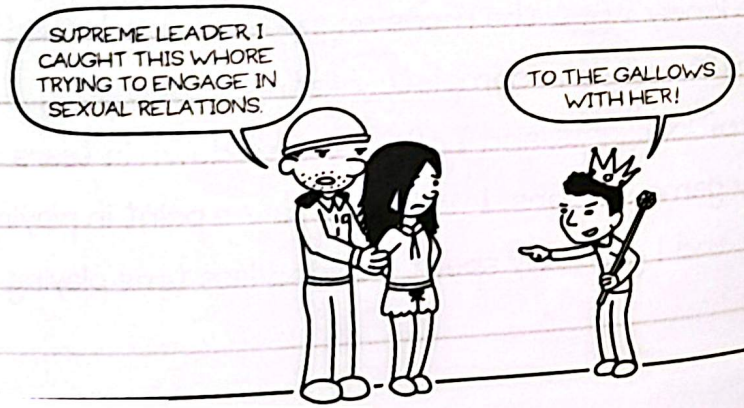
This broke my spirit. I felt left out, and I started behaving bitterly towards them in the game, but they didn't seem to care. It dawned on me that it wasn't just real life, even in the World of Warcraft I was an outcast, alone and unwanted.

The more lonely I felt, the more angry I became. World of Warcraft was now completely failing at alleviating my sense of loneliness, and I often broke down in tears during my game sessions. I no longer saw a point in playing the game, and I gradually spent less and less time playing it.

CamScanner

While browsing online one day, I came across a post about teenagers having sex. It was yet another reminder of the life I've been denied. I knew that no girl would ever want to have sex with me, and I began to develop feelings of envy, hatred, and anger towards everyone who has a sex life.

I saw sexually active people as the enemy. They could get sex, and I couldn't. I no longer wanted to just stand by and accept such an injustice. I wanted to even the score. I fantasized on a daily basis about becoming very powerful and stopping everyone from having sex. I wanted to take sex away from them just like they took it away from me. The only way to make the world a fair and just place would be by outlawing sex. If I can't have it, I will destroy it.



When winter break arrived, I decided it was time to stop playing World of Warcraft altogether. I didn't need it anymore. I had a new purpose in life. I now understood that my destiny was to rise to power so that I could impose my ideologies on the world and set everything right. It was my divine duty to make the world a fair place.

I began vigorously studying in my room, reading books about history, politics, and sociology. I wanted to obtain as much knowledge as possible to assist me with my rise to power.

This was a new Elliot, a brand-new person furiously driven by a goal. Sure, my present torments would continue, but at least I now had something to live for. I felt empowered.

Without World of Warcraft eating up all my free time, I was able to accomplish my goal of finishing school in mid-February. With my schooling out of the way, I now had far more free time to think and brood.

CamScanner

My parents began to notice that I spent all my time brooding, and they felt it necessary to interfere in order to prevent me from becoming more radical. They came up with a hasty plan to change the course of my life: I was going to be sent to Morocco to stay with Soumaya and her family for several months.

This news was devastating. It was the worst possible situation for me to be trapped in. I felt a sense of urgency like never before. They'd already purchased a plane ticket for me, and I was scheduled to leave in five days. It wasn't much time to work with, but I was determined to find a way out.

DOOMSDAY COUNTDOWN

DAYS: 5 HOURS: 3 MINUTES: 21 SECONDS: 41

My first plan was to emotionally manipulate my mother since she is so easily susceptible to my outbursts. I threw a crying tantrum, begging that she allow me to stay home. However, the plan failed. She was as dedicated to the Morocco plan as Father and Soumaya. I suddenly found myself at a loss in terms of strategic maneuvering, crying to my mother was typically the only necessary procedure in my master plans.

I knew that a tantrum wouldn't work on Father and Soumaya, so I didn't protest at all while at their house. I thought it would be a better strategy to keep quiet and try to devise an escape plan.

If I was going to run away, I needed to do it as close to the takeoff of the flight as possible so that even if they did come find me, it would be too late. Thus, I planned to escape the house on the morning before the flight, jog all the way to Mother's condo, and hide in a secret spot on the roof that nobody knew about but me. It seemed foolproof.

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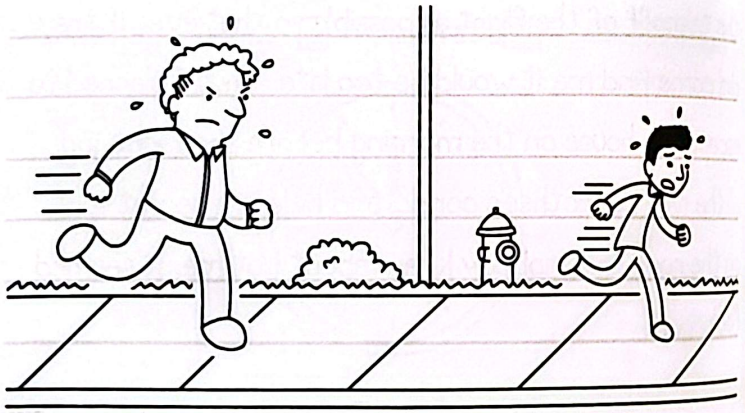
I woke up at 4am the morning of the flight, grabbed my bag that I had stocked full of the bare necessities, and made my way for the front door of Father's house. To my dismay, I noticed that Father had set an alarm on the front door, and if I opened it, then surely it would alert the entire house. I was too nervous about this, and I abandoned the idea. I now had just a few hours to hatch an entirely new escape plan.

I waited until everyone was awake and eating breakfast. I then told Father I wanted to go for a walk around the neighborhood before we left, and the moment I stepped out the front door I bolted away at full speed. After only clearing one block, I looked behind my shoulder and saw Father chasing after me.



At the sight of Father closing in on me, my hope collapsed, and I gave up. I stopped running and hung my head down in defeat. Moments later, Soumaya pulled up in the car and drove us back home. The plan failed. I was going to Morocco.

The journey to Morocco was the most horrendous traveling experience I've ever had. It was just me, Soumaya, and four-year-old Jazz. On the plane, Jazz kept screaming and vomiting all over the place, which put Soumaya in a particularly sour mood. I was completely miserable, and I actually wanted to die.

When we arrived at Soumaya's family's home, I felt as though all the life had been drained out of me. I cried almost nonstop while I was there. Soumaya's family tried to alleviate my sorrow, but I wouldn't let them. I was completely miserable and there was nothing they could do to fix that. I had been defeated, and it was time to wallow in defeat.

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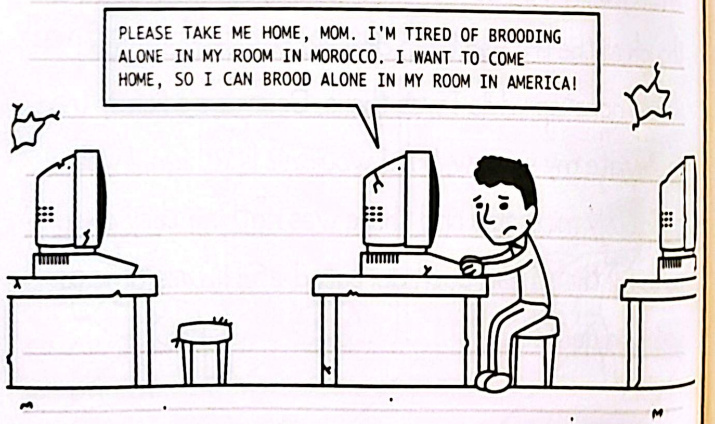
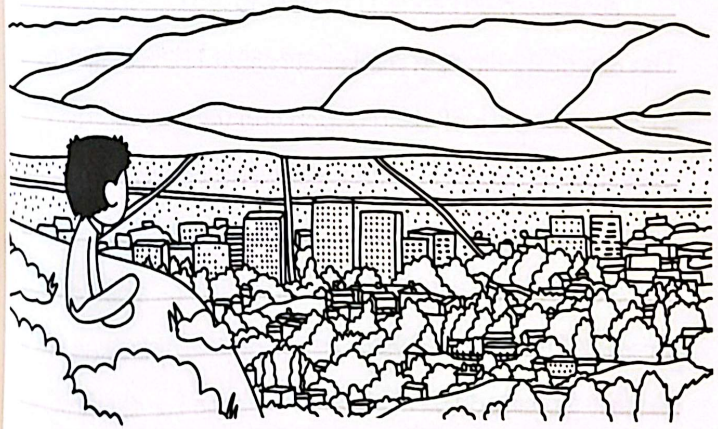
I wanted nothing more than to return home, and I saw my golden opportunity to do so in the form of a dirty cyber café not far from where I was staying. My ticket home would come only in one form: My mother's pity.

Thus, I began emailing my mother every single day begging her to bring me home. I wrote to her about how filthy the country was, and how alone I felt, and how very few people even spoke my language. Email after email, I poured my heart and soul into a sorrowful stockpile of emotional manipulation. After a week of doing this, Mother finally gave in and flew to Morocco to take me home.



Once I was back home, I returned to my daily cycle of brooding around town and getting angry when I saw young couples. Life was still miserable, but at least I wasn't trapped in a foreign country with my terrible stepmother anymore. The sight of young, beautiful couples enjoying each other's company, likely planning their next sexual engagements, still filled me with rage like never before.

One day I climbed a tall hill that overlooked the city, and I sat at the top. I spent a long time sitting there, watching the city, contemplating the injustices of my life, and fantasizing about punishing everyone.



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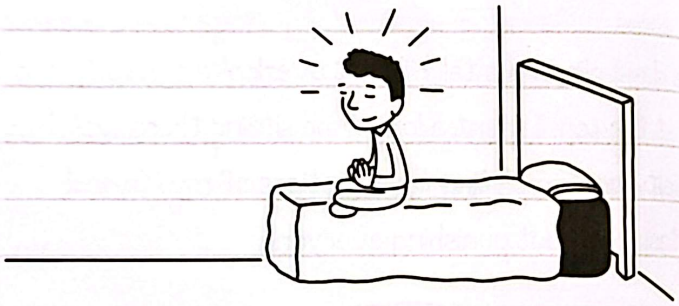
Part Five: Hope and Hopelessness

The next morning, I awoke to find that the previous day's rage had subsided. I was filled with a sense of calm that motivated me to meditate on my life. There was a newfound determination within me to evaluate why I was suffering so much, and to figure out how and why I had fallen down this wrong path.



This day of meditation made me realize I didn't want to go down the path of destruction and vengeance. There were still ample opportunities in my future for me to live the kind of life I've always wanted to live. I decided to make a renewed effort to change and be a better person. After a few days of retaining this optimistic mindset, I started to feel a sense of hope for the first time in a long time.

Upon feeling hope again, I realized it was perhaps possible for me to have all the things I desire; to have a great social life again, to have a girlfriend, to have sex, to have all the pleasures I've desperately craved for so long.

My first step towards bettering myself and my social life was reconnecting with all my old friends. I first met up with James and informed him of my newfound zest for life. He admitted he had been getting worried about me, and he was glad to see that I was improving.

Next, I created a Facebook account so that I could contact every friend I'd ever had in life. I found and chatted with a few of my old friends from Topanga Elementary, and I even made arrangements to meet up with Philip.

Feeling nostalgic for the times we spent together at Planet Cyber, I attempted to reconnect with Charlie and John Jo, but after multiple attempts on my part, they made it clear that they had no interest in hanging out with me again.

CamScanner

Age 18

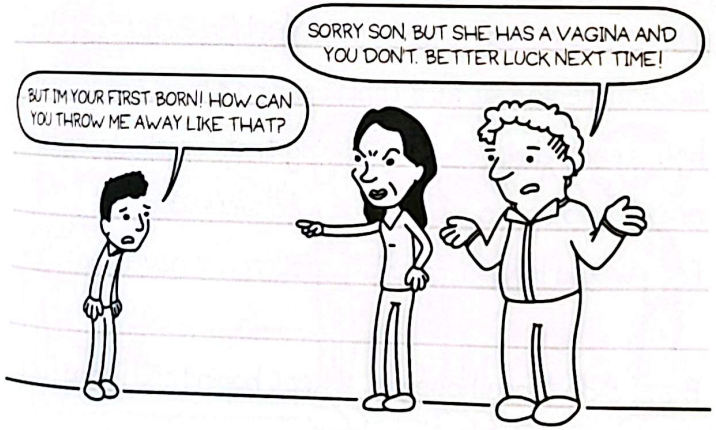
Now that I was an eighteen-year-old high school graduate, it was time to start considering college. Given my newfound optimism and hope for improving my life, college seemed like the perfect opportunity to reinvent myself. The realm of higher academia would grant me the possibilities of making new friends, interacting with girls, and maybe even getting a girlfriend! Just the thought of these potential life changes filled me with enthusiasm.

Now that I was older and more knowledgeable of how the world works, I began to obsess about money for the first time in my life. I now understood the importance of money, and I desperately wanted to become very rich.

One day while out shopping with Mother, I learned about something called the lottery. This new concept—that a person could potentially purchase a million dollar ticket—was a fascinating concept for me. I bought my first ever lottery ticket, and as you might expect, it lost. But that wouldn't be the last lottery ticket I would purchase, this was just the beginning of a heartbreaking, costly addiction.

Soumaya finally returned home from our ill-fated trip to Morocco, and she was enraged with me due to the way I acted while I was there. In retaliation, she forbade me from ever returning to Father's house. This, I knew, was absurd, as Father would never allow such a thing to happen to his firstborn son. However, to my sorrowful surprise, Father allowed this motion to pass, claiming that the house was Soumaya's as much as his.

This caused me to lose all respect I had for the man. What kind of a father chooses his second wife over his first son? The bitch must be really good to him in bed, I figured. What a weak man.



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But I wasn't about to let my father's betrayal get in the way of creating a better life for myself. I was a man now, and if I was going to improve my life, then I needed to do it on my own.

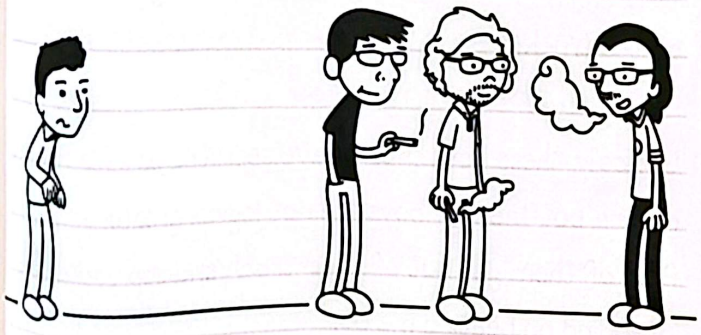
The next step I took in bettering myself was leaving the house at least once per day. Typically, I would spend the entirety of each day sitting alone in my room, but it was starting to become clear that this wasn't the best way to meet girls. Instead, I started taking long walks around Mother's neighborhood, hoping that somebody would randomly befriend me or that a girl would come talk to me. Unbelievably, nothing of the sort ever happened.

My next strategy was to visit the local Barnes and Noble bookstore and sit at a table reading a book for several hours each day, yet again hoping that somebody would notice and approach me for a conversation. But as cruel fate would have it, such an occurrence never took place.

But I didn't lose hope yet. I kept hoping and hoping for a bright future.

Halloween arrived, and I was determined to not spend it sitting alone in my room as I had done in years past. Through stalking random people on Facebook, I discovered a huge house party that was taking place in West Hills, only a 45-minute walk from Mother's apartment. It seemed like a great opportunity for me to socialize and make friends, so after a long period of meditation, I was able to garner the courage to go.

One 45-minute trek later, I was at the house party. I paid the five-dollar entry fee and went inside only to discover that the party was much smaller than I expected. There weren't many people there, and the few party-goers in attendance were just smoking marijuana and talking quietly with one another.



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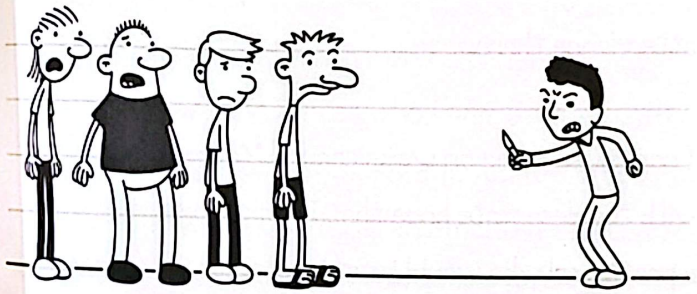
I stood around awkwardly for a few minutes, but nobody ever approached me for a conversation or offered me any marijuana, so I decided to leave. I considered demanding a refund of my five-dollars due to a lackluster party experience, but I wasn't sure about the standard protocol for such a thing, so I figured it best to just cut my losses.

On my lonely walk home, a group of vile teenagers driving by assaulted me with eggs. Luckily, I was able to avoid being struck, and all the eggs just splattered on the ground. However, despite failing at the house party, I felt stronger now. I was a new Elliot, a stronger, braver, Elliot, who would no longer allow life to push me around. So, I grabbed one of the broken egg shells, dripping with slimy egg goo, and I threw it back in through the window of the truck.

Logically, these boys should have seen this as a fair return of fire, but teenage boys are not logical creatures. The four of them got out of their truck and approached me intending on beating me up.

I was frightened beyond belief, but I was also prepared. I pulled out my trusty pocket knife and became empowered by a combination of my fear and my pent-up rage. In a fiery fury, I bellowed a mighty battle cry and shot daggers into their eyes with a menacing glare of unadulterated hatred.



The brutes retreated into their truck and drove away. I wasn't sure what they were more afraid of, my blade, or the look of extreme hatred in my eyes. With the dangerous threat disposed of, I ran straight home without stopping, crying and terrified.

All things considered, it wasn't the worst Halloween I ever had.

CamScanner

The utter failure of my Halloween socialization attempt put a huge damper on my hope and optimism for the future. But it was only the beginning of my new downward spiral.

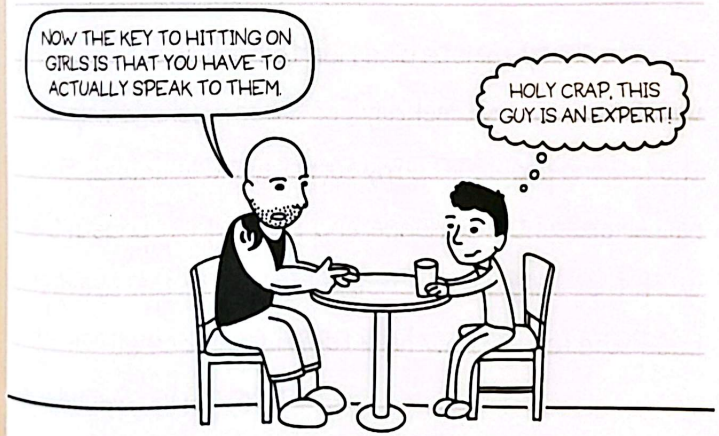
I began evaluating my situation at Pierce College, and I came to the haunting realization that I'd failed to make even a single friend during the multiple months I'd been in attendance there.

I continued going on walks around Mother's neighborhood with the desperate hope that I might cross paths with a pretty girl who would be attracted to me, sometimes walking in circles around the block for three full hours, but it never happened. Each walk left me bitterly disappointed, and I eventually stopped taking them.

Each day I had to step foot on that college campus was more miserable than the last. Nobody ever spoke to me while I was there, and the intense feeling of loneliness was becoming too much for me to handle, so I dropped my only class.

My mother was angrier than I'd predicted upon hearing the news of my dropping out, and she immediately began pressuring me to get a job. I had no intention of getting a job, but just to appease her I promised that I would begin looking. She must have somehow sensed my lack of motivation, because she then signed me up for a life coach to counsel me and help me find a job.

The life coach she hired was a man named Tony, a boisterous fellow in his forties who I was to meet with every other week. I actually really enjoyed the time I spent with Tony, as it served as a bi-monthly source of social interaction. Plus, I found his advice on socializing and self-improvement to be quite helpful.



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Tony found and suggested many potential part-time jobs for me to apply for, but I refused all of them because I considered them to be beneath me. Just the thought of me, Elliot Rodger, working a simple retail job was absolutely mortifying. I am an intellectual who is destined for greatness, it would be blasphemous for me to perform a low-class service job.

As it turned out, I was able to find a job without Tony's assistance. Father informed me that his friend Karl needed help building a staircase in his home, and he was offering me the gig. I agreed to help, as it would feel more like helping a friend rather than working a low-class job.

It was a thirty-minute bike ride to Karl's house, and I went there every weekday for three weeks to help with the building project. To my surprise, it was actually a rather pleasant experience, and I took great pride in the work that I did. I might not know how to talk to a girl but I sure as hell know how to build a staircase!

Before I knew it, the staircase was complete and my work there was done. On my last day working for Karl, I was feeling quite parched on my bicycle ride home, so I decided to stop at Father's house for a glass of water. I entered the house without knocking, as I felt as though it was my right to do so, but apparently Soumaya had a problem with this, as she was surprised and angry to see me.

She thought it was wrong of me to enter Father's house without knocking, so to teach me a lesson she ordered me to go back outside and knock. I vehemently refused, informing her that she had no right to boss me around, and I then helped myself to a glass of water.

In an act of feminine fury, Soumaya knocked my water glass to the ground, shattering hundreds of glass shards all over the kitchen floor. Upon hearing this ruckus, Father stormed into the room demanding to know what was going on. Considering the fact that I am my father's son, I was confident he would see things my way. I should have known better by then.

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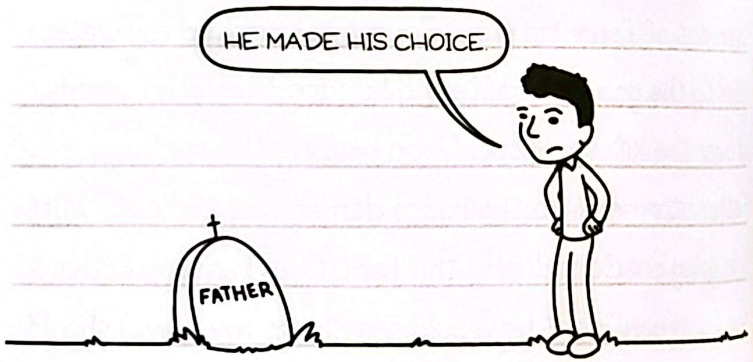
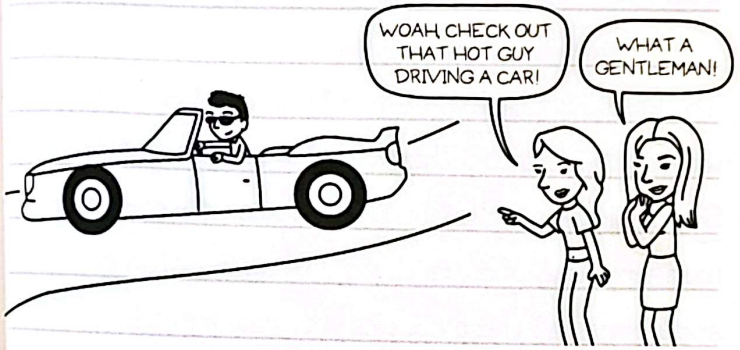
Soumaya and I explained ourselves, an argument ensued, and of course, Father took Soumaya's side. It was flabbergasting and heartbreaking to watch as my father chose his second wife over his first son yet again. And then to make matters worse, the duo kicked me out of the house, telling me that I'm never to return.

I had never felt so betrayed and humiliated in my life. How could my father do that to me? What kind of man abandons his firstborn son? And over something as inconsequential as a glass of water? In that moment, as I rode my bike home reflecting on the previous hour's events, I began to hate the both of them, and I declared my father to be dead to me.



At the beginning of summer, I finally acquired a driver's license. I saw this as the perfect opportunity to begin improving my life. With the ability to drive, my small world would open up exponentially. No longer would I be restricted to places I could access only by bike. With a car and a driver's license to reduce these restrictions, I would surely be able to live the happy life I'd been dreaming of.



This newfound optimism motivated me to give college another try. I thought that Moorpark College would be a better fit for me than my previous one, so I enrolled there.

On my first day, I still felt a renewed sense of hope. This

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feeling would give me solace for a few days, but it did not last long. Moorpark would soon become a place of loneliness and despair.

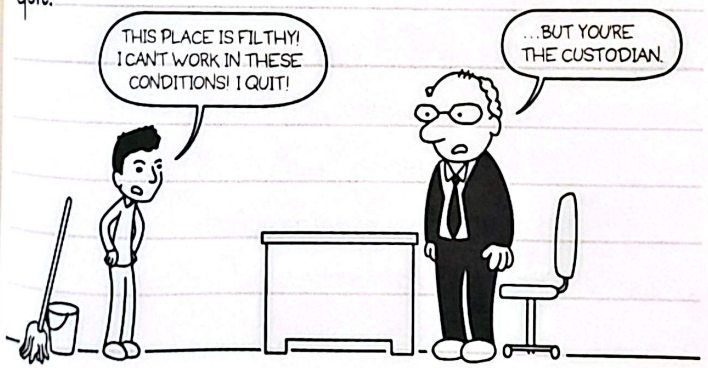
The campus was littered with beautiful blonde girls, the type of girls I've always desired, but was never approached by. My stress grew and grew with each blonde girl I saw who neglected to start a conversation with me.

The breaking point was when I saw good looking couples walking to class together while I was walking all alone. Seeing those couples be affectionate with each other made my envy grow and grow to an unsustainable level, and I glared at these couples with raw hatred.

After only a week at Moorpark College, I was no longer physically, mentally, or emotionally able to stand being around happy couples, so I dropped out of my classes in rage. This was a foolish error on my part, as I immediately realized how furious Mother was going to be.

If Mother found out I had dropped out of college AGAIN, then there would be hell to pay. There was a very high possibility that she would kick me out of her apartment, and I would then be homeless. This could NOT happen. In a panic, I began searching for a job so that I could placate her.

I called Tony asking for an available job, and I took the first offer without even knowing what it was. I showed up for my first day, and to my absolute horror and humiliation, the job turned out to be a menial custodial position. I would be required to clean offices and even the bathrooms. The mere thought of doing so made me physically ill. There was no way I would degrade myself to such a low level. So, after only a few hours on the job, I quit.



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At this point I was panicking even more. It was one thing to drop out of school again, but now I'd quit my job after a only few hours. Mother was going to be LIVID when she found out what I'd done.

I called Karl to see if there was another construction job we could do at his house, but he said that the house was now completed. I felt doomed. If I didn't devise a plan soon, then I'd be homeless by the end of the week.

Luckily, my mother and sister were on vacation in Hawaii at the time, so I still had a few days to relax and plot my next move. After a 48-hour brainstorm session, the best plan I could come up with was calling Mother on the phone and crying. So I did.

Weeping into the phone, I told Mother about how miserable I was at Moorpark and that I couldn't bear going to class any longer, so I did what I had to do and dropped out. To my great relief, she was very understanding, and told me she would support me. Crisis averted.

My 19th birthday was swiftly approaching, and yet again I felt as though life had defeated me. My year of hopefulness only led to more pain and misery than ever before. My walks around town led to no social interactions, the ability to drive yielded nothing but continued suffering, and now my Father was dead to me. All my hope and optimism had ultimately led to a worse life scenario than from the year before.

Unable to handle the anguish in my life anymore, I decided to delve back into the World of Warcraft so that I could hide from my problems.

CamScanner

Age 19

And there I was, trapped in the void of hopelessness yet again. I was in the exact same position as I had been when I was fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen. For all the efforts I made to improve my life during my eighteenth year, I had nothing to show for it. No friends, no girls, no life.

The next semester at Moorpark College began. I only signed up for one class, a political science course. I figured I'd gain some useful knowledge from it in the event I became powerful like I'd always envisioned.

The worst part about that class was that the teacher would randomly call on me to answer questions. I've always been a very shy, anxious person, so my social anxiety made it difficult to speak in front of the class. This disability of mine made me hate my peers even more. I hated them for not having social anxiety like I did. I knew that their lives were far easier than my own because of this. I cried on my drive home from class every day.

I hadn't spoken to Father since he'd kicked me out, but that was about to change. My grandmother came to visit from England, and she was staying at Father's. This created an awkward situation, as she wanted to see me, but I was forbidden from stepping foot in Father's house.

My grandmother pushed Father and I to reconcile, and managed to convince us to have a dinner together. Soumaya was there too, and it was definitely awkward. However, we eventually began discussing our differences and agreed that arguing would get us nowhere. By the end of the night, Father and Soumaya were willing to start over and give our relationship another chance, and it was all thanks to my grandmother.

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After my grandmother's visit, I started having dinner at Father's house more often. This gave me the opportunity to spend more time with my younger brother Jazz whom I'd missed, and boy had he grown!

Jazz had become a social, boisterous five-year-old boy, and this had me worried. Over the course of a single dinner, I could feel myself become jealous of the boy's social prowess.

How could it be that my brother was already so well-versed in social skills at the age of five while I could barely answer a question in front of a college class? Clearly I was the only of my father's children to suffer from social anxiety. It wasn't fair. Why did I have to be the black sheep of the family?

As time went on, this growing jealousy would develop into resentment and hatred for the boy's future potential– and it would serve as one of the deciding factors in my decision to end my brother's life.

I had been playing World of Warcraft almost as frequently as in years past, but the latest expansion pack had been such a disappointment that I decided to not renew my subscription.

My account would deactivate on New Year's Day, so I decided to spend New Year's Eve playing the game for one last time.

In the game, I saw many players bragging about their hot girlfriends and the sexual activities they performed with them, and this enraged me. World of Warcraft was supposed to be my escape from the cruel realities of sex and women! So, I started nasty arguments with those people. I spewed out all of my hatred against them in a desperate attempt to hurt their feelings, but they appeared only amused by my virgin angst.

These upsetting encounters led to an ultimately unpleasant New Year's Eve, but on the bright side, they did make me more certain than ever about quitting World of Warcraft for good.

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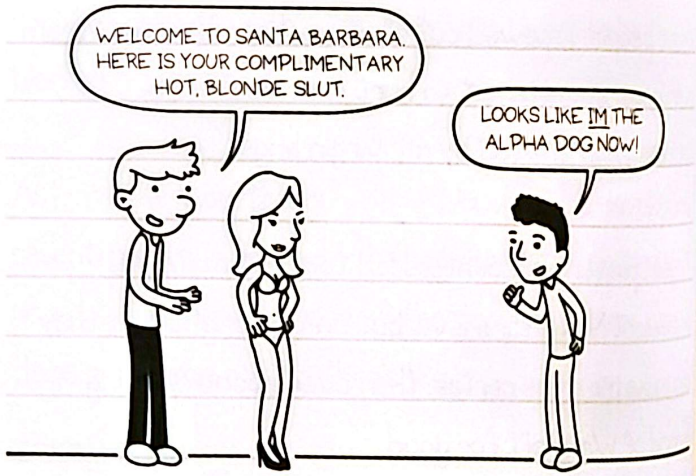
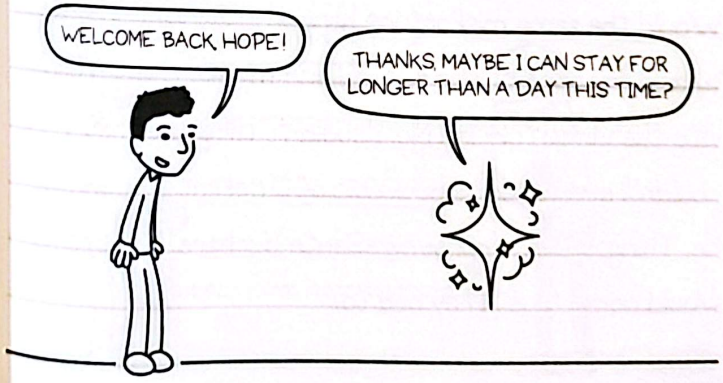
Now that I was getting along with Father again, my parents and I got together for dinner so that we could discuss my life situation. The three of us agreed that my current environment wasn't healthy for me and that it'd be best if I started anew somewhere else. This dinner was the birth of the Santa Barbara plan.

Living in Santa Barbara had been a dream of mine ever since I saw the film Alpha Dog. The film takes place there, and it features beautiful young people having sex. Alpha Dog made Santa Barbara seem like a paradise on Earth, and I wanted to live there to make my dreams come true.



I proposed the idea of me going to school in Santa Barbara to my parents, and to my amazement they quickly agreed to help pay for it. We spent the rest of the night hashing out the specifics of the plan. I would take one more semester of classes at Moorpark and then transfer to Santa Barbara City College in the summer.

On our drive home from the restaurant, I was completely dumbfounded by the sudden turn of events, but I was beyond excited nonetheless. THIS would be the true opportunity to improve my life—it would be the vast change that would allow me to reinvent myself. Santa Barbara would grant me the full college experience I'd always dreamed about. I felt hopeful yet again.



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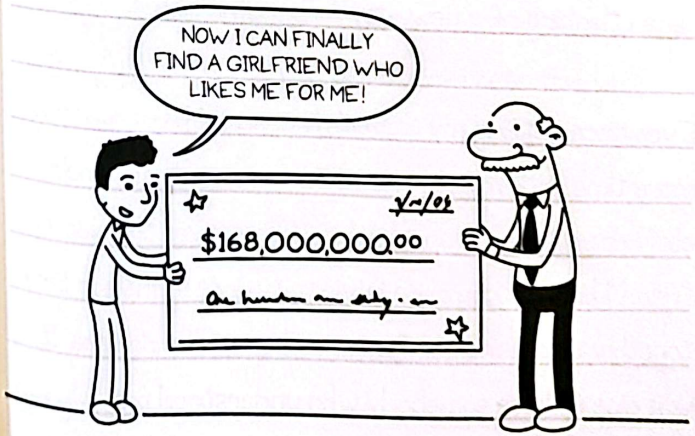
The months leading up to Santa Barbara were agonizing. I enrolled in three classes at Moorpark, but I was so miserable showing up to that campus that I dropped one of them after a few days.

I spent most of my time during those months contemplating my life—meditating on the person I was and the person I wanted to become. I realized my life was repeating itself in a vicious circle of torment and injustice. Each new semester of college dealt the same lonely, celibate life, devoid of girls or any social interaction. Each period of hopefulness was swiftly annihilated by a much longer period of hopelessness. It felt as if a curse of misfortune had been placed upon me.

Would the same misfortune happen in Santa Barbara? Would my hope be vanquished and my life thrown back into the vicious circle? No, I couldn't think like that. I couldn't even imagine how epic of a defeat that would be. Things would improve in Santa Barbara. My dreams would come true. They had to.

One day during this dark period of my life, I was meditating on a clifftop at Point Dume, a spot that had a great view of expensive, luxurious beach houses. From up there, I saw rich men walking with beautiful women on their arms, and I was struck with a grand realization—If I became a multi-millionaire, then I would be able to walk on the beach with a beautiful girlfriend too!

The longer I thought about this, the more I convinced myself that this was what I was destined to do. It was my fate to become a millionaire at a young age! This is what the universe had in store for me! And the best way for me to accomplish this, of course, would be by winning the lottery.



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Knowing that destiny was on my side, I bought a few Mega Millions lottery tickets and took them to the roof of Mother's building to meditate on them. I was determined to forcefully will the universe into making me the winner, and I sat on the rooftop of that building with the tickets in hand for several hours.

But the meditation didn't work. The tickets lost. I felt cheated. The universe had betrayed me. I had spent so much time and effort trying to force my will upon the universe, and the universe laughed in my face. Although given the pain I felt, it was more like a slap.

I became frustrated that my lottery plan had failed, and I began thinking of a new way to become rich.

Ever since getting my driver's license, I'd been spending more time with my old friend James now that I could easily drive to meet up with him. James was the oldest friend I had, my comrade in virginity. We spent our time together discussing our fantasies, hopes, and dreams. It was nice to have somebody who understood me.

One evening, James and I were at the house party of a mutual family friend. We found the party boring, so we stepped outside to discuss our fantasies as we typically did. However, there were several beautiful girls at that party around our age, and just the sight of them brought out the more extreme parts of me, so I might have gone a bit overboard in my conversation with James.

We were talking about what we would do if we had magical powers, and I said I would use them to rule the world and set everything right. I may or may not have mentioned a few things about my radical philosophies on sex and women, but as far as I could tell James was smiling and agreeing with everything I had to say. His seemingly visable acceptance of my philosophies only further fueled the hatefulness of my rhetoric, and I continued spouting this hatred off long into the night.

To my surprise, after that night James refused to contact me for several months. This informed me that, perhaps, James wasn't quite the comrade in virginity I thought he was.

CamScanner

In my final weeks of attending college at Moorpark, I'd grown so frustrated with my lonely status that I stopped showing up on campus altogether. In order to fool Mother, each morning I would pack up for school and leave the house only to sit in Barnes & Noble drinking vanilla lattes and reading books for two hours before returning home.

On my final day of school, I showed up to take my exams and then left without saying a word to anybody. My classmates planned to meet up after class to celebrate the end of the semester, and they even invited me to come along, but I couldn't be bothered to go. If they didn't want to talk to me during the semester, then they wouldn't want to at the end either.

I drove away from that college happy that I would never have to see it again. At that point, I had nothing going for me in life other than the prospect of starting anew at Santa Barbara, but judging by how things ended up at Moorpark, I was beginning to fear for the worst.

A few weeks later, my parents and I drove up to Isla Vista for a tour. Isla Vista would be the college town within Santa Barbara that I would be living in for potentially the next four years. If things didn't work out here, then I was better off dead.

When we arrived, I was astounded. It was a whole town of just college students living together right on the beach, and it was beautiful. I'd never seen anything like it in my life. It seemed too good to be true. And the best part was, there were hot, blonde girls walking around everywhere.

It was then that I realized why I'd never gotten a girlfriend from walking around Mother's neighborhood all those times. It was because there were so few girls there! But here in Isla Vista, there were beautiful blonde girls all over the place! My chances of a girl approaching me for a date here would increase by orders of magnitude! There was no possible way this method would fail! A life of fulfillment and happiness was right around the corner!

CamScanner

On Saturday, June 4th, 2011, I made the fateful move from Mother's to Isla Vista. Father met me at the apartment and helped me move my things. Afterwards, as he was saying goodbye, I realized I was now living on my own for the first time ever. With this realization came intense feelings of fear, anxiety, and trepidation, but also a sense of hope that life would soon change for the better.

My first night in the apartment was traumatic. Outside my window, I could hear students partying and having a fun time. All the while I was lying alone in bed because none of them thought to invite me.

To make matters worse, I could hear a boy and girl having sex in the apartment above me. The thought of men engaging in sexual relations with females was always infuriating to me, but never before had I overheard a sexual encounter with my own ears! To actually hear it, and to be not even ten feet away from it, was truly torturous.

I had prepared for this, however. I had done a lot of research about college life in the town of Isla Vista, and I knew that students had a lot of sex there. With this knowledge in mind, I tried to calm down, assuring myself that soon I'D be the one having sex while THEY had to listen.

CamScanner

I had two temporary roommates who would be moving out at the end of the week, so I didn't even bother trying to get to know them. However, one day they invited over their friend Chance, a black boy. I immediately hated Chance due to his cocksure attitude and dark skin. And then, to make matters even worse, Chance started bragging about his sexual exploits.

I hoped he was lying, and I accidentally blurted out a question—I asked the group if they were virgins. The three of them stared at me silently with strange expressions for a long period of time and then said they'd lost their virginities long ago.

This was like a gut punch, but it was nothing compared to the blow that followed—Chance claimed he lost his virginity when he was thirteen to a hot, blonde, white girl.

This news sent me over the edge, and I ran into my room crying. I didn't want to believe it was true, but in my heart I knew it was. I was overcome with a feeling of utter devastation.

How could an inferior, ugly, black boy be able to get a white girl and not me? I am beautiful, and I am half white myself. I am descended from British aristocracy. He is descended from slaves. I deserve it more. I tried not to believe his foul words, but they were already said, and it was hard to erase from my mind.

If this was actually true, if this ugly, black filth was able to have sex with a blonde, white girl at the age of thirteen while I've had to suffer virginity all my life, then it just proved how ridiculous the female gender is. They'll give themselves over to this filthy scumbag, but they reject ME? The injustice!

Given that traumatic encounter with Chance, I couldn't have been happier when those two roommates moved out a few days later. They were swiftly replaced with two new roommates, and I found them to be much more acceptable.

Before long, the first day of the summer semester commenced. I was signed up for two classes, history and geography. I felt a surge of confidence as I got ready that morning. I spent over an hour choosing the right shirt and combing my hair. This was my opportunity to impress the ladies of Isla Vista.

I strode through the campus towards my first class with as much confidence in each step as possible. Each time I walked past a girl, I was sure that she was attracted to my appearance. When I arrived at the classroom, there was a small assembly of pretty girls waiting outside the door. I approached them with the utmost confidence, but to my dismay, they didn't pay me any attention or even look at me for that matter.

I took a seat in the classroom and waited patiently for a hot, blonde girl to come sit in the seat next to me and initiate a conversation, but it didn't happen.

To my horror, a group of loud, obnoxious guys came into the room and immediately caught the attention of the pretty girls. The brutes and the girls talked and smiled and laughed with each other while I sat in silence, trying to hold back tears. I could almost physically feel my heart breaking.

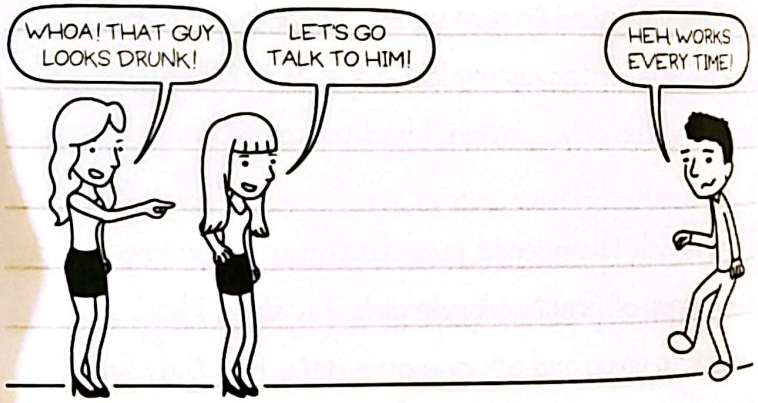
The same thing was happening yet again! My first class in Isla Vista hadn't even begun, and I had already been thrust back into the vicious circle of rejection and torment. I wanted to give up and leave, but I knew I couldn't. Isla Vista was my last hope. If it failed, then death was the only solution. I had to keep trying.

During lunch, I wandered over to the cafeteria area and saw a group of pretty, blonde girls. I wished I had the courage to go up and ask one on a date, but they would have seen me as a creep. Girls are so cruel.

CamScanner

After a couple torturous days, I dropped my history class. I couldn't stand to watch the obnoxious, popular boys converse with the pretty girls a moment longer. But Isla Vista wasn't a complete failure yet. I was still enrolled in my geography class, and I still had plenty of time to make up for dropping my history one.

Clearly just my fashion sense and confident stride weren't going to be enough to seduce girls into approaching me, so I began developing a new strategy—alcohol. One of my new roommates was twenty-three, so I asked him to buy me a bottle of vodka. I figured if I hit the streets with some alcohol in my system, then I'd be more sociable and confident than ever before.



I swallowed a few shots of vodka, and I hit the streets of Isla Vista. After two hours of walking up and down the main streets, not a single girl had approached me—even though I was drunk!

I wasn't about to give up on alcohol, though. I figured the plan had failed because I just hadn't drunk enough! The next night I drank twice as much, and in my drunken stupor I found the courage to approach a group of students near my apartment complex.

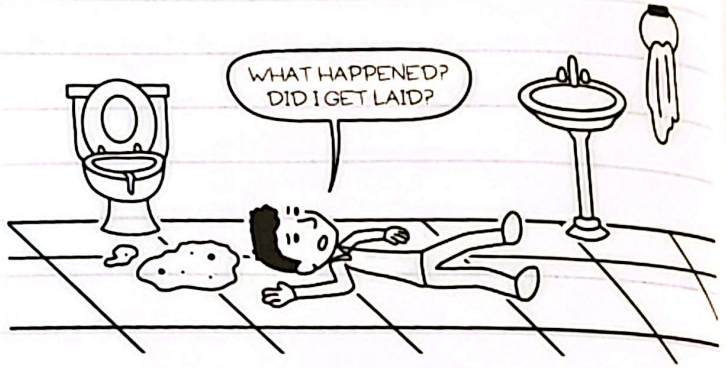
I was too shy to say anything to them, so I just sat down next to them and remained silent. For the first time in a long while, I felt like I was part of a social group. It felt nice.

The group wasn't hostile towards me, but eventually somebody asked why I was so quiet. This made my blood boil. It enrages me when people don't understand my social anxiety.

They then made up for this abominable social faux pas by

CamScanner

offering me a beer. I happily accepted it, but I probably should have paced out my alcohol intake a bit more, as I then blacked out. I woke up the next morning in my apartment surrounded by a pool of vomit.



I felt so ashamed, but at least I'd been more social that night than in the rest of my college experiences combined. That at least was some progress, I supposed.

At the end of my first month in Isla Vista, my permanent apartment was finally ready. I bid farewell to my roommates and moved out. At this new apartment, my roommates weren't scheduled to move in until August, so for the month of July I'd be all alone. I quite liked this.

I found myself falling into daily habits in the early months of my college life. For example, I started each day with an early visit to Starbucks so that I could enjoy a vanilla latte, the hot beverage of choice for esteemed gentlemen such as myself.

On one such visit, as I was lounging in a chair enjoying my coffee, I noticed a young couple kissing while waiting in line. The boy looked like an obnoxious punk, and the girl was a pretty blonde! I was absolutely livid with envious hatred.

I stayed and watched them. As they left the store, I was quick on my feet to follow. I chased them to their car and splashed my hot coffee all over their faces and clothes. They both screamed, and I ran away in fear—my heart pounding a mile per second.

When I arrived safely at home, I suffered in the humiliating realization that he was still the winner. Sure, they got splashed with coffee, but he still had a beautiful girl while I was all alone.

The thought of that couple stayed with me for a long time. He was a punk. He was an obnoxious brute. He had been soiled and burned by my hot coffee. And yet that night he went home and had passionate, heavenly sex with his beautiful girlfriend, while I went home to my lonely room to sleep in my lonely bed. I cursed the world for condemning me to such suffering.

I started having thoughts about hurting people. The coffee was just the beginning. I wanted to inflict pain on all young couples—real pain. And I knew I would be capable of doing such things. I would torture them, flay them, strip the skin from their flesh. And they deserved it. They deserved it for the crime of depriving me of sex and love. The males deserved it for stealing females away from me, and the females deserved it for choosing those males over me.

I spent the next five days alone in my apartment, looking out the window and fantasizing about killing every young couple I saw.

Age 20

I returned to Mother's house for a week to celebrate my birthday, and my visit home was excellent for my mental health. Firstly, for my birthday I received a gift card to the clothing store Nordstrom, and I immediately used it to expand my fashionable wardrobe. Wearing new clothes has always given me a confidence boost—especially expensive outfits that make me look fabulous.

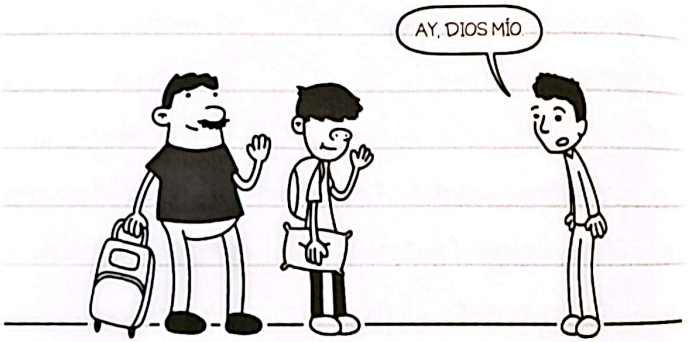
Next, I met up with James for the first time in months. After nearly fifteen years of friendship, James and I had gone through a long but preserving relationship, and we were both excited to see each other once again.

Our conversations went as they usually did—we discussed our life situations, our fantasies, and how unfortunate it was that we were still virgins. I confided in James about how miserable I was in college, surrounded by beautiful blonde girls but without one to call my own. He sympathized with me greatly, as he was going through similar troubles.

CamScanner

After this chat with James, I felt more optimistic about my social abilities. I decided I would try my best to befriend my new roommates that would be arriving in August.

On the day they were scheduled to move in, I did everything I could to make sure I was in a pleasant mood upon their arrival. My efforts were actually successful as I didn't feel as anxious as usual when I heard them knocking on the door. But then, to my great dismay, I discovered that they were both Hispanic.



Not only were they Hispanic, but it seemed they already knew each other, which meant if any conflicts arose they'd team up against me. In a panic, I ran in my room to hide, suffocating on the thought of being their roommate for an entire year.

The duo appeared to be low-class types—certainly not the high-quality roommate that the descendant of British aristocracy should have to put up with. I tried my best to calm down and collect myself, however. The situation certainly seemed grim, but perhaps they would behave themselves.

They didn't behave themselves.

The very next day, one of them, completely out of the blue, asked if I was a virgin. I confessed the truth, as virginity has been my life struggle and I would never lie about such an important thing. To my confession, the boy laughed and claimed he'd lost his virginity long ago.

This was infuriating! The same exact situation was happening again! Fueled by rage, I lashed out at the snorting simpleton, calling him a hideous, brown pig. I was egging him on to fight me, and he eventually lost control, lurching towards me. Luckily for him, the other boy interfered before either of us could land a blow.

CamScanner

After my ferocious encounter with the pugnacious pig, I ran to the leasing office in a panic to inform them of the situation. Their solution was simple—I could move into a new room, but it would cost an extra hundred dollars per month. This sounded ideal, not just because I would be escaping the presence of those brown Neanderthals, but in this new arrangement I would only have one roommate rather than two.

I called Mother and convinced her to pay the extra rent each month, and I swiftly signed the new lease. However, my new room wouldn't be available until the following month, which meant I had to tough it out with the pig-faces until then.

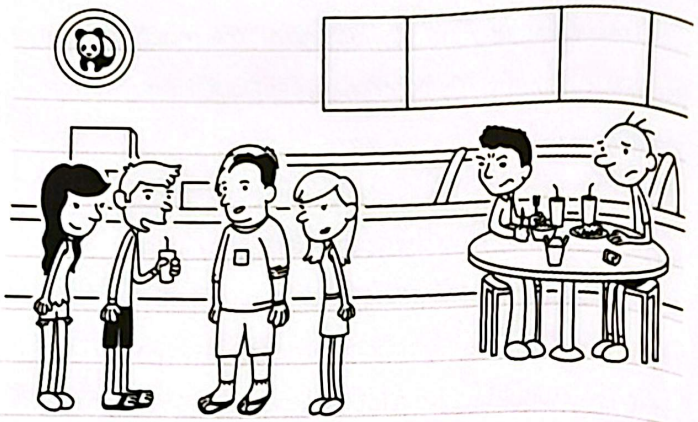
The remainder of August was one of the most difficult periods of my life. My roommates set out to make my life a living hell.

Every time they left the apartment, they loudly announced they were going to sleep with hot girls that night. They constantly mocked me for being a virgin. At night, they would make a lot of loud noise to keep me awake. I was literally being bullied in my own home. It became so bad that I started driving back to Mother's for the weekends just to get away from them.

On one such weekend, my lifelong friendship with James came to a bitter end.

The two of us were eager as always to see each other, as neither one of us really had any other friends. We went to Panda Express together, and suddenly James whispered, "We're fucked." I turned around to see what he meant, and I saw a group of popular high schoolers—boys and girls.

CamScanner



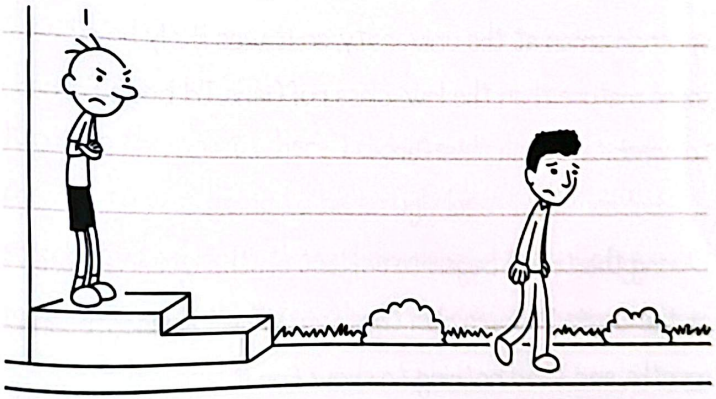
The sight of this popular group of coeds brought my blood to a boil. I was livid with rage and moments away from pouring my drink all over them. James knew exactly what I was planning to do, as we'd been through similar incidents in the past. He begged me not to do anything rash, and after a few minutes he managed to calm me down enough to pack up my food and leave the restaurant.

A dark and ominous aura clouded over our friendship that day. When we returned to James' house, I was still seething with rage, and I couldn't understand why James wasn't as well. This is when I told James all of the things I'd been thinking in the previous months.

I told him about all the acts of revenge I wanted to enact against the popular boys and the girls that chose to date them. I detailed how I wanted to flay them alive, strip the skin off their flesh, and make them scream in agony as punishment for living a better life than me.

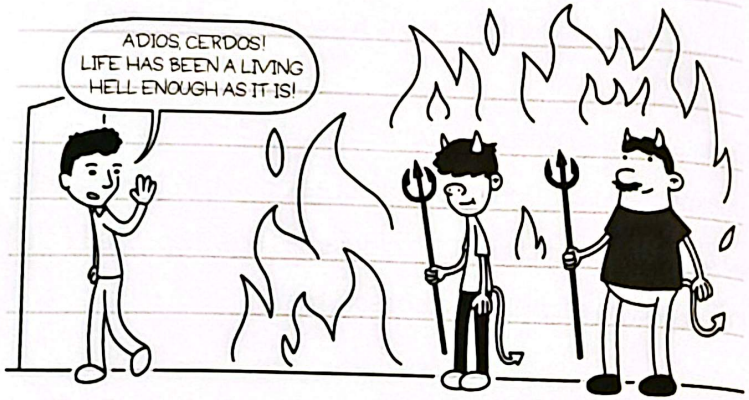
James became deeply disturbed by my desires, and this unexpected reaction made me break down in tears. I felt so alone in that moment. I told James how hopeless I felt in life, and he said little to console me.

Soon after that, I left his house, never to return. James would never again invite me over after that incident, and from that point forward our friendship slowly faded to dust.



CamScanner

The day I'd been desperately waiting for finally arrived. I moved out of the Hispanic hellhole that had become my once decent apartment and into a vacant one.



My new roommate would be moving in shortly, and based on the information I was given about him, I was confident he'd be a much better fit for me. He was an upperclassman at the university, so it was likely he'd be more mature than the low-class ruffians I'd been forced to cohabitate with thus far.

During this time, I began to reflect on the utter failure of the Santa Barbara plan thus far. It had already been months, and I had nothing to show for it.

My usual day went as follows: I woke up alone in my bed with no girl beside me, and I did a few minutes of exercise before I showered and got ready for college; I then drove to Starbucks to have my morning latte and felt envious whenever I saw a young couple there; I would then attend my two classes where no one said a word to me whilst having to endure the torment of watching other guys talking to the girls I liked; and then I would go home alone, open the door to my lonely room, and feel absolutely miserable.

The loneliness was suffocating. I could barely breathe. If only one pretty girl had at least given me a chance and tried to get to know me, everything would have turned out differently, but girls continued to treat me with disdain.

It got to the point where I didn't even care if my new roommate was going to be an ugly loser, I just needed somebody to pierce through my lonely bubble and give me an opportunity to speak aloud to another person.

CamScanner

After a torturous, lonely waiting period, my new roommate finally moved in. He was a short, chubby guy named Spencer, and he was a year older than me. Spencer was the polar opposite of my previous roommates in just about every way. He was boring and nice, quiet and soft-spoken, studious and clean—plus he was white which was a nice change of pace.

However, after a few weeks of living with him, I realized I had a psychological problem with his presence in my apartment. Even though there was no trouble between us, I hated having someone constantly in my vicinity to judge how pathetic my life was. I could hide the details of my lonely, celibate life from the rest of the world, but I couldn't hide them from Spencer.

The fact that I never had any girls over to my room made it clear enough that I was an undesirable outcast, and I hated it when people knew this about me and judged me for it. Spencer was there to witness it all, and I would eventually come to hate him just because of that.

After a long semester of pain and loneliness, I completed my unexpectedly difficult final exams and started the long drive home for winter break. On this drive, I evaluated the pathetic lack of progress I'd made thus far in Santa Barbara.

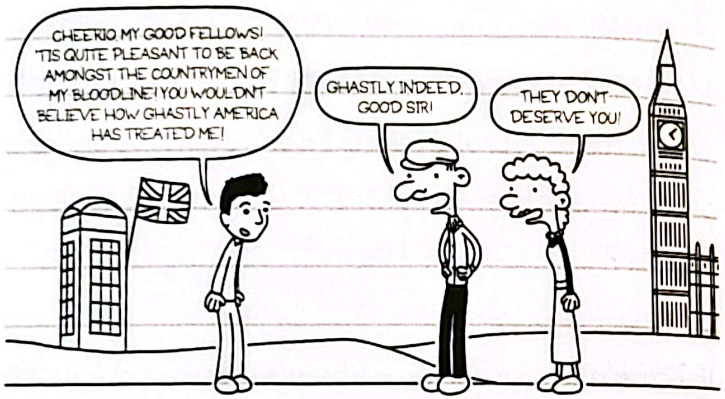
My first actual semester at Santa Barbara City College was an absolute, brutal failure. I didn't even have one girl's phone number in my cell phone. Was I going to be a virgin forever?

If I couldn't make it in such a beautiful and opportunistic place like Santa Barbara, then I was doomed to a lifetime of misery and dissatisfaction. I knew I would rather die than suffer such a fate. And I also knew if it came to that, I would do everything in my power to exact revenge on the society that signed my death warrant.

I didn't want to resort to revenge. I didn't want to end it all in a tremendous display of murder-suicide. Some tiny part of me still clung to hope! I didn't want to give up so soon.

CamScanner

Upon returning home, Mother made an exciting announcement. She, Georgia, and I would be travelling to England for Christmas to visit family! I was buzzing with happy anticipation at the prospect of returning to my home country for the first time in a decade.



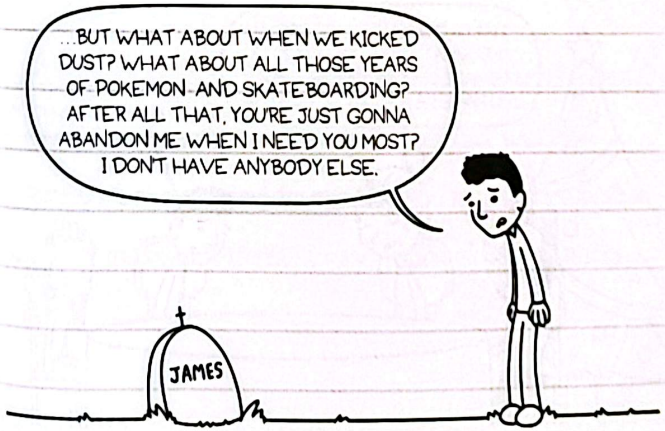
Before our trip to England, however, we attended the annual Christmas party of a longtime family friend. I had recently bought a flashy new shirt from Armani Exchange that made me feel particularly fabulous, so I decided to wear it for the party.

James was in attendance at the party, as always, and the confidence boost from my fabulous attire convinced me that I could, perhaps, revive our friendship from its current deathbed.

I downed a few glasses of wine and approached the boy with a friendly smile. His facial expression upon noticing me, however, was anything but friendly. But I've never been one to let the emotional state of others prevent me from taking action, so I started a conversation with him anyway.

Just like the old days, I began complaining to James about all of my life problems, but unlike the old days, James seemed distant and apathetic about what I had to say. His cold attitude towards me that night made me realize our friendship truly was beyond repair.

When I said goodbye to James that night, it was the last time I ever saw him.



CamScanner

Mother, Georgia, and I made our trip to England, and it was heart-warming to see that all my relatives looked just as I remembered them. But these joyful, warm emotions soon disappeared and were replaced with ones of cold regret.

A deep shame overtook my being as I realized I had nothing to tell my relatives about my life that would make them proud. There wasn't a single thing about my life that one could consider impressive or interesting. I wished I could tell my grandmother that I had a hot, blonde girlfriend in Santa Barbara, and that we had a great sex life, but alas, no such girl existed. Humiliated by my own lack in intrigue, I remained quiet for the majority of Christmas.

For my Christmas gift, my grandmother gave me something of great value—a 22 karat gold necklace. It was very extravagant, and it had been in her possession for a long time. And now it was mine.

I wore it instantly and took a great liking to it. From then on, I would wear it every waking moment. I could have sold it for well over a thousand dollars, but I never did. It was special to me.

Winter break came to a close, and I returned to Santa Barbara with a renewed, carefully constructed sense of confidence—due in part, mostly, to the new collection of designer clothes I had purchased over the holidays. And, of course, because of my fabulous new necklace.

I wanted to adopt a new personality based on the quality of my clothing—a suave and sophisticated, worldly gentleman. I even tried to speak with more of a British accent to make my voice sound more eloquent and erotic.

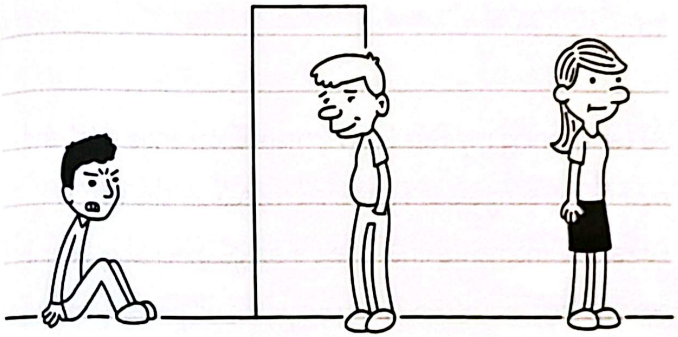
CamScanner

I made these changes with the hope that girls would find something attractive about them. It was the only persona that truly fit me. I was incapable of being an outgoing, boisterous jock, and I didn't even want to be one. I was disgusted by such people, and I was disgusted that girls were attracted to such filth. I wanted them to be attracted to me. I wanted them to be attracted to scholarly, gentlemanly, high-class intellectuals rather than barbarous brutes. That is how it should be. The brutes should have been the ones jealous of ME.

Thus far, my chubby roommate Spencer and I had gotten along quite well despite the fact that we never talked much. However, an incident occurred towards the end of January that changed this.

One day I heard the voice of a girl in his room. I couldn't believe it. This short, chubby guy was able to get a girl in his room before I did! Shocked and outraged, I sat outside his room for an hour, waiting in putrid anticipation for the girl to leave so that I could get a good look at her.

When the two of them finally exited his bedroom, I was relieved to see she wasn't attractive in the least. But then, as Spencer noticed me on the floor beside his door looking at his ugly girlfriend, he dared to give me a smug look of superiority. This sent me into a rage.



I wasn't going to let Spencer feel as though he was superior to me because he got a girl in his bedroom before I did. That night, I confronted him in the kitchen. I told him he was foolish to feel proud about having an ugly whore in his bedroom. Then, instead of feeling humbled and apologetic upon hearing the truth, Spencer became angry and offended with me. After this incident, the two of us became increasingly hostile towards each other.

CamScanner

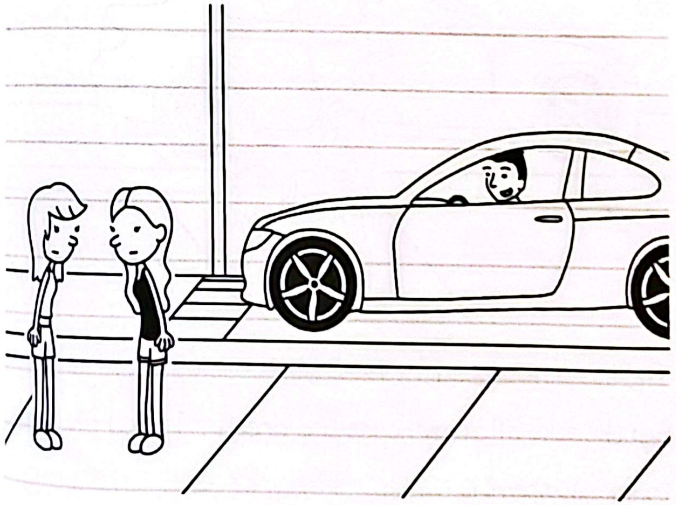
The new semester started in early February, and I was determined to not repeat the failure of the previous one. I decided to pull out all the stops for the first day of classes. I had the clothes, the gold necklace, the gentlemanly haircut, and the determination to prove my worth. I was capable of being irresistible, and it was time to prove it!

After donning my fabulous Armani Exchange shirt and new Gucci sunglasses, I admired myself in the mirror for a few moments until I felt a surge of enthusiasm. I assured myself there was no way I could possibly have trouble getting girls now.

When I arrived at the beautiful college campus of SBCC, I immediately went to the restroom to admire myself in the mirror again. "I am the image of beauty and supremacy," I said aloud. "I am the image of beauty and supremacy." I kept saying this to myself over and over again as if it was a mantra. "I am the image of beauty and supremacy. I am the image of beauty and supremacy. I am the image of beauty and supremacy."

My first class that day was sociology. I waited outside the classroom until everyone was seated and then walked in through the front entrance so that everyone could look at my fabulous self. However, to my utter dismay, I saw that no one turned their head to look at me at all. No girl tilted her head or lifted a pretty little eyebrow at my approach. After all that effort, I was still being treated like I was invisible.

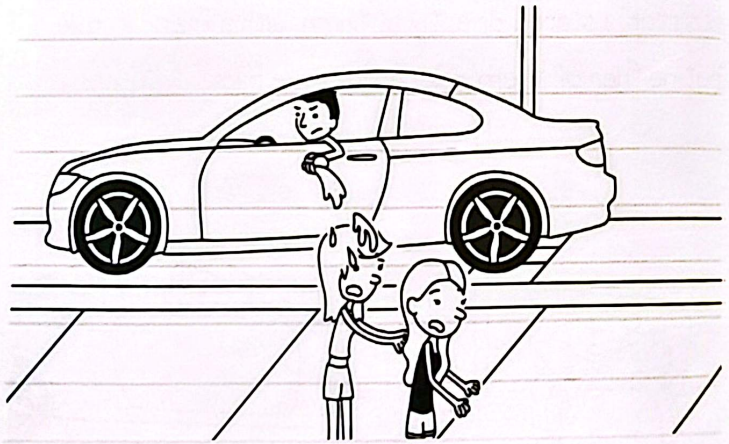
On my drive back to school, I was waiting at a stoplight in Isla Vista and noticed two hot blonde girls waiting at the bus stop. I stared directly at them with a friendly smile, but neither of them deigned to smile back.



CamScanner

The delicious duo completely ignored my flirtatious smile and instead looked away as if I was a fool. This was infuriating to me. This was the way all girls treated me, and I wasn't going to let them get away with it any longer.

In a rage, I splashed my Starbucks latte all over them and sped away. It was such a pity that my latte wasn't hot enough to burn them. Those girls deserved to be dumped in boiling water for the crime of not giving me the attention and adoration I so rightly deserve!



This incident soured my first week back at college, but for the sake of all my hopes and dreams, I tried my best to forget about it.

My next class was math, and as I walked into the classroom I laid eyes on one of the prettiest girls I'd ever seen in my life. No, she wasn't just pretty—she was absolutely stunning. Her beauty was so intimidating I couldn't bring myself to sit near her.

As the lecture proceeded, I couldn't help myself from constantly glancing at her, admiring every inch of her enticing body, from her silky blonde hair to her smooth, skinny, lightly tanned legs. But the most beautiful thing about her was her face. It was a face that broke my heart the second I laid eyes on it.

I wanted her with so much intensity, and I constantly fantasized about her during my masturbation sessions in the weeks that followed.

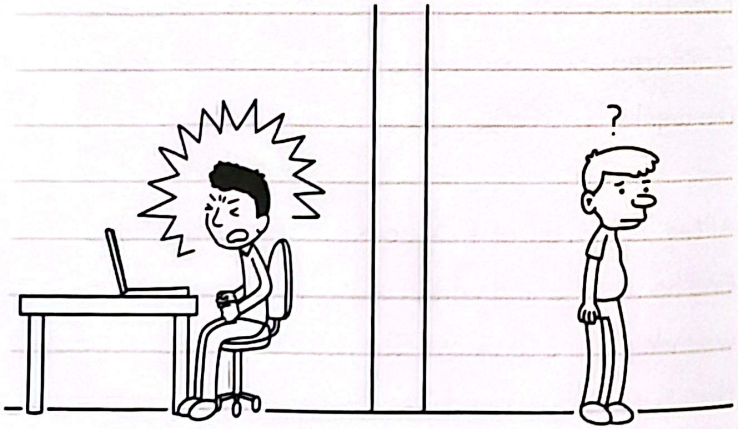
After doing a bit of Facebook stalking, I was able to find her profile, and what I saw shattered my already wounded heart to pieces. She had a boyfriend. Not only that, but her boyfriend was the type of guy I have always despised: a tall, muscular surfer-jock with a buzz cut.

CamScanner

As I looked through all the pictures of the two of them together, I shivered with pure hatred. I could physically feel the hatred burn through my entire body. I wanted to kill both of them, and I knew I was capable of doing it.

She should have been mine, and if I can't have her, then no one should! I fantasized about capturing the two of them and stripping the skin off her boyfriend's flesh while making her watch.

Distraught with this cataclysmic news, I screamed and cried with anguish all night. My roommate Spencer heard it all from the other room, but I didn't care.



This incident left me seething with rage and heartbreak, and in this moment of weakness I dropped all my college classes. I didn't see any point to it anymore. No matter how hard I tried, girls were not attracted to me. What was the point of going through college, getting a degree, and finding some mundane professional job afterwards if I could never experience the pleasure of girls along the way? I couldn't bear to step foot in those classrooms again knowing that none of the beautiful girls there would ever be attracted to me.

The only thing I could do was even the score. I wanted to make everyone suffer just as they had made me suffer. I wanted revenge.

This is when I came up with the final solution to dealing with all of the injustices I've had to face at the hands of women and society—The Day of Retribution. It would be a day in which I exact my ultimate retribution and revenge on all of the hedonistic scum who enjoyed lives of pleasure that they don't deserve. If I can't have it, I will destroy it.

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I will arm myself with deadly weapons and wage a war against all women and the men they are attracted to. And I will slaughter them like the animals they are. And of course, I will have to die in the act to avoid going to prison. It would be one final blaze of glory. I would exact righteous vengeance in a heroic final act before taking my own life, and the world would regret the day it rejected Elliot Rodger.

But The Day of Retribution wasn't the only way I could make up for all the suffering I've had to experience. In my heart, I still knew I was destined to become a multi-millionaire at a young age. If I could somehow fulfill this destiny and become rich, then I would be able to get revenge on my enemies just by living above them and lording over them.

I began desperately pondering ways in which I could become extremely wealthy at a young age. If I failed to do so, then The Day of Retribution would be the only choice I had left.

Since I had dropped all my college classes, I now had all the time in the world to find a way to become a millionaire. I saw that the MegaMillions lottery jackpot was nearing $200 million, and this gave me a renewed interest in playing the lottery again.

At the time, I had $6000 saved up from years of birthday, Christmas, and allowance money. I knew I couldn't spend all of it, as I would need some emergency funds in case The Day of Retribution ever became a reality, but I was willing to spend the rest of it on lottery tickets. Because I knew, of course, that it was my destiny to win.

I spent $100 on tickets, but to my profound frustration I didn't win. As the jackpot reached $290 million, I spent another $400, and yet again I lost. I next spent $500 when the jackpot hit $363 million, and still I lost. And then the jackpot hit a number I never imagined: $656 million. This was the highest lottery jackpot in the history of the world.

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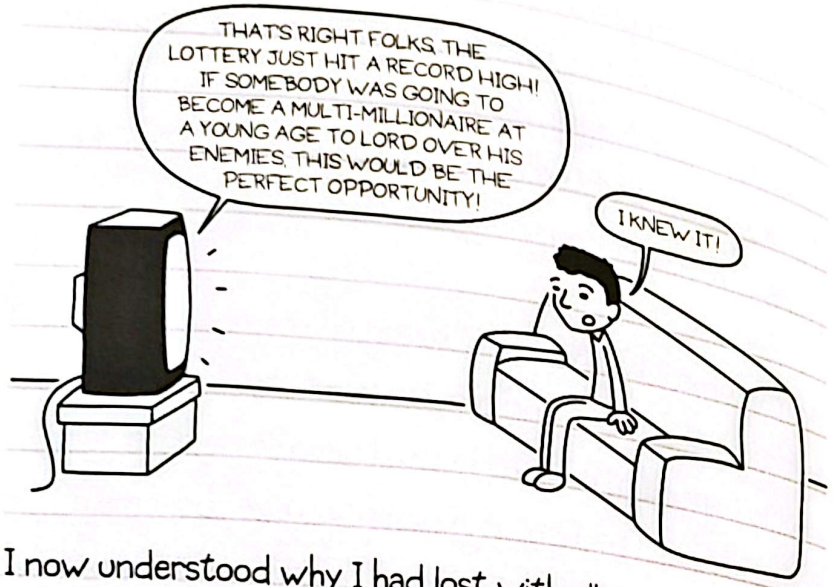


I now understood why I had lost with all my previous attempts. It was because I was destined for greatness! The universe wanted me to win the largest lottery jackpot in existence! This jackpot was meant for me!

My entire body glowing with feverish hope, I spent $700 on lottery tickets for this drawing. As I spent this money, I imagined all the amazing sex I would have with a beautiful model girlfriend once I became a man of wealth. With the purchase of these tickets, all my wildest hopes and dreams were only days away from coming true.

After the ultimate and fateful drawing, I waited three days to check the result. I was too anxious about what I would see. It would determine the fate of my whole life.

For those three days, I meditated alone in my room, trying to convince myself that I was the winner. I held all the tickets in my hand, excitedly pondering over which one was the true winning ticket.

On the fourth day of these meditations, I decided it was time to go through with it. Meditating in anxious anticipation wouldn't change the result. It was time to accept my fate. My heart beating nearly out of my chest, I loaded up the webpage for the MegaMillions website. What I saw crushed all of my hope completely. My whole body shivered with horrific agony. I didn't win.

After this monumental defeat, I sank into one of the worst depressions of my life. For the next month, I barely left my room. Even when Mother and Georgia came up to Santa Barbara for a short day trip, I refused to see them.

CamScanner

I was completely and utterly at the end of all hope. I kept thinking about the heavenly life I would be living if I had won. I was certain of my victory, right up to the moment of the drawing. Instead, it turned to a crushing defeat, just like everything else in my life.

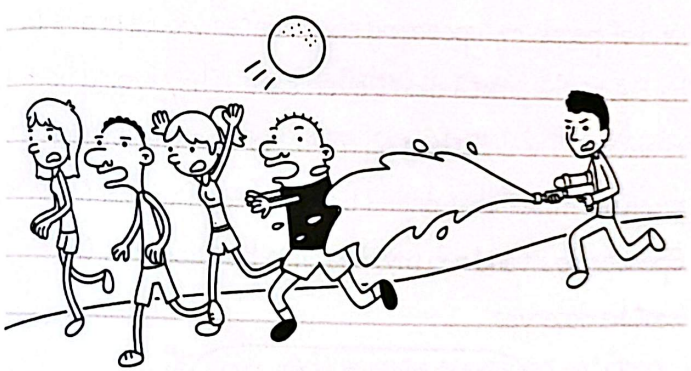
I didn't want to think about anything. I could barely breathe from the stifling loneliness. All my energy had been sapped out of me. It was as though I was an empty shell of a human being whose only function was to suffer in misery.

This dark depression continued well into the summer. My life remained stagnant and miserable, and my hatred towards everyone, especially women, only grew stronger.

One day in July, I was walking through Girsh Park and noticed a group of popular college kids playing kickball in the fields. The guys looked like the typical fraternity jocks that I've hated and envied all my life, and the girls were beautiful, blonde, and scantily clad.

Rage boiled inside me as I watched those people who thought they were better than me enjoying their pleasurable lives together. The rage was so intense that I couldn't take it. I couldn't leave them without getting some form of revenge.

So, I drove to the nearby Kmart, bought a Super-Soaker, filled it up with orange juice, and drove back to the park. I then screamed at the group in rage as I sprayed them with my Super-Soaker.



I ran back to my car as fast as I could and drove away before anyone caught me. Once I was safe back home, I became very worried that I would get in trouble for the attack, but this worry soon faded away as nothing ever came of it.

CamScanner

Age 21

Shortly after my twenty-first birthday, the lease on my apartment ended and I was set to move into a new one with a new pair of roommates. There was no love lost between Spencer and I by the time we moved out—our mutual contempt for one another was so intense that neither of us bothered to say goodbye to the other.

Normally during a transitional period such as this, my mind would be narrowly focused on worries about what kind of people my upcoming roommates would prove to be, but at this point I didn't even care. They would be irrelevant. The only thing on my mind was the lottery. I promised myself that once I became rich I would track Spencer down and rub my wealth in his face. It's the least he deserves.

On the day I moved into the new apartment, the lottery had risen to over $100 million. This was it! Surely it was fate that the lottery would reach such a tremendous sum on the same day that I moved into a new apartment! I bought a $5 ticket and proclaimed I had to be the winner.

The news announced that the winning ticket had been bought in California. My heart beat like a drum. Fate was being decided right at that moment. It had to be me!

I didn't win. I looked at my ticket over and over again, and then at the winning numbers. No match. The winner was some guy from Riverside. He took MY money. What a waste. What an injustice.

That night, I threw a wild tantrum, screaming and crying for hours on end. My new roommates hadn't moved in yet, so I had the whole apartment to myself—my own island of anguish. I downed an entire bottle of wine and allowed my rage to take over me.

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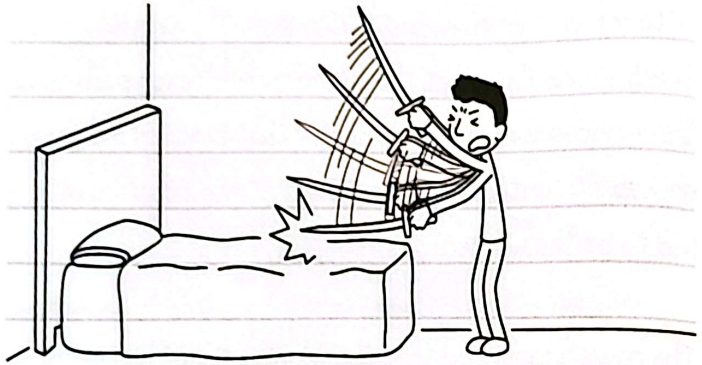

I assaulted my bed with a wooden practice sword for hours and slashed at the air with my pocket knife until I ran out of steam and eventually drifted to sleep on my lonely bed on a pillow soaked with tears.

The next morning, I discovered that in my drunken rampage I'd accidentally destroyed my laptop by spilling wine all over it. Thus, I did what I always did in situations such as this—I called Mother in tears to convince her to buy me a new one.

She agreed, and I made my way to Best Buy. I was overdo for a new laptop anyway, so this drunken accident actually had a silver lining to it.

As it turned out, the Best Buy in Santa Barbara didn't have the model of laptop I fancied, so I had to drive all the way to Oxnard to pick one up. They said it would take a few hours for them to prepare the laptop for me, so I found myself with some time to kill.

While waiting around, I noticed a shooting range down the street from the store. My brain lit up with the thought of a single word: Practice.

I had the knowledge, in the back of my mind, that The Day of Retribution was very possible now. Going to the shooting range while I waited for my laptop gave me the perfect opportunity to gain some initial training in shooting guns—my weapon of choice for my possible vengeance.

I walked into the range, rented a handgun from the ugly, old redneck cashier, and started to practice shooting at paper targets.

As I fired my first few rounds, I felt sick to my stomach.

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I questioned my whole life, and I looked at the gun in front of me and asked myself, "What am I doing here? How could things have led to this?"

I couldn't believe my life was actually turning out this way. There I was, practicing shooting with real guns because I had a plan to carry out a massacre. Feeling absolutely disgusted, I paid my fee and left the range within minutes.

This incident at the shooting range left me utterly confused about my existence. I began questioning the very fabric of reality. How did life come to be, and what was my place in it?

I found myself able to answer this question. The truth was, there was no point to my life anymore. I was never going to lose my virginity. I was never going to get a girlfriend. I will never have sex, never have love, never have children. I will never be a creator.

But I could be a destroyer.

Life had been cruel to me. The human species had rejected me all my life despite the fact that I am the ideal, magnificent gentleman that all women should want. Life itself is twisted and disgusting, I mused. Humans are brutal animals. If I cannot thrive among them, then I will destroy them.

I didn't want things to turn out this way. I wanted a happy, healthy life of love and sex. But if I'm unable to have such a life, then I will have no choice but to exact revenge against the society that denied it to me.

My new roommates moved in, and to my delight they were quiet and kind. They spent the majority of their time in their bedrooms playing videogames rather than annoying me by bringing ugly girls into the apartment, which was a nice change of pace.

Of course, I had no desire to be friends with them, as they had absolutely nothing to offer me, but they were far better than the previous delinquents I'd been forced to bunk with.

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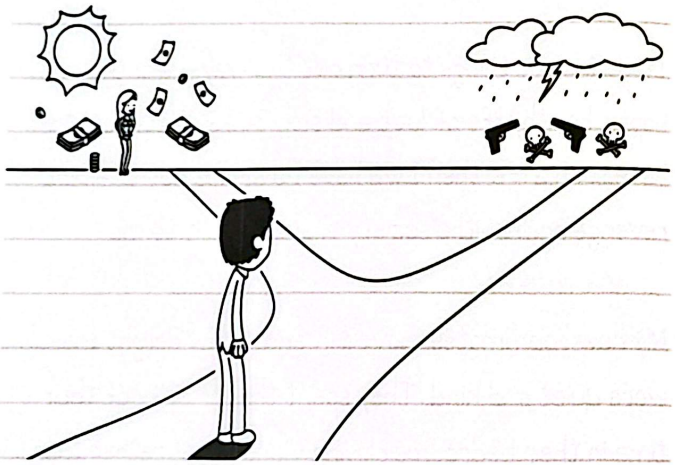
I didn't even bother to register for college classes that semester. There was no point. My life only had two possible paths now. Either I would become rich at a young age by winning the lottery, or I would exact revenge upon the world and die in the process to escape punishment. There was no other path available to me.



I didn't want to buy a MegaMillions ticket until the jackpot was over $100 million, and unfortunately the jackpot kept resetting before it ever reached that height. This was beyond frustrating to me.

However, I then discovered something called the Powerball lottery. And according to their website, the

current jackpot was over $500 million!

I wondered how I'd never heard of it before, but then saw that it wasn't available in California. If I wanted to buy a ticket, I would have to drive all the way to Arizona.

That night I was restless in bed, unable to sleep. It was midnight, and I kept thinking about the Powerball. Was I really willing to drive such a long distance just for a chance to fulfill my destiny?

I then read on their website that the jackpot drawing was going to take place the next day. I realized if I wanted to win, then I needed to leave immediately.

And so that is exactly what I did. I quickly looked up the best route on Google Maps, packed some food into my backpack, and took off for what would be a long and emotional drive towards the rising Arizona sun—a metaphor, I mused, for the bright and shining future just on the horizon.

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After purchasing my tickets, I returned home and waited in frenzied anticipation for the drawing. That evening, it was announced that the winner was a ticket purchased in Arizona.

Finally! After my long, emotional journey; driving towards the sunrise in the middle of the desert, fighting off sleep just to get there in time, visualizing my whole future before me, with a beautiful, blonde girlfriend and the children I would have with her... After all that, who else could the winner be but me?

I took out my fifty tickets and sifted through each of them, looking for a match. But none of them won.

I couldn't believe what was happening. I looked through every single one of my tickets again and again and again, and still, nothing. I didn't win.

At this point, it fully dawned on me that the possibility of having to resort to enacting this Retribution was more real than ever before. Without the prospect of becoming wealthy at a young age, I had nothing to live for. I was going to be a virgin outcast forever. I realized I had to start planning and preparing for The Day of Retribution.

My first act of preparation was the purchase of my first handgun. I had already done some research on handguns, and I decided to purchase the Glock 34 semiautomatic pistol, an efficient and highly accurate weapon.

After I picked up the handgun from the store, I brought it back to my room and felt a new sense of power. I was now armed. "Who's the alpha male now, bitches?" I thought to myself, regarding all the girls who've looked down on me in the past. With this gun, I would set the world right.

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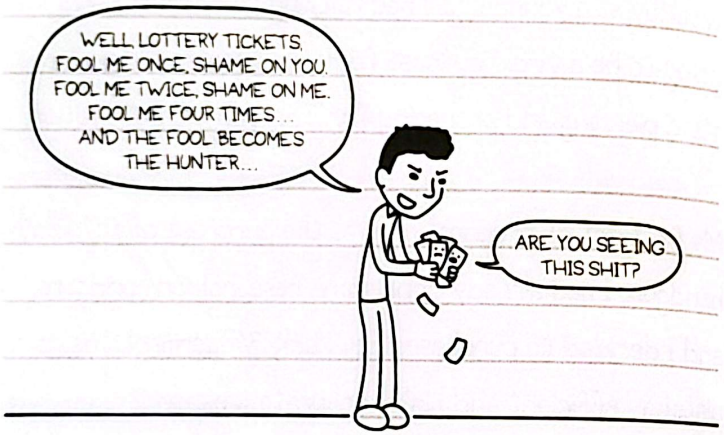
In the months that followed, I made the long drive to Arizona three more times just to buy lottery tickets out of intense desperation. Each trip yielded a tiny bit of hope for a bright future, and each devastating loss yielded certainty in The Day of Retribution becoming a reality.



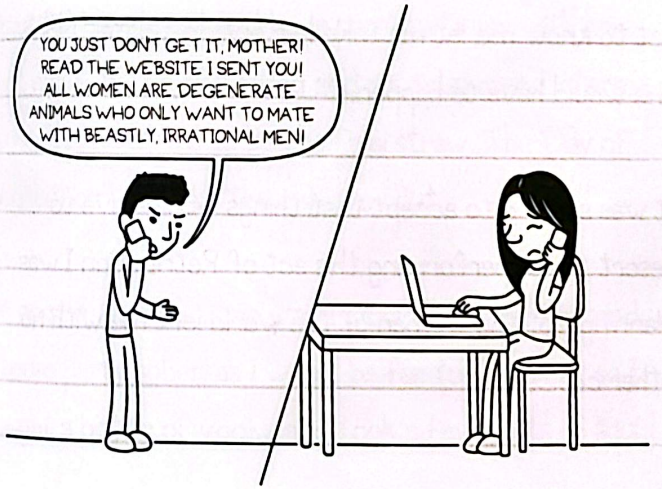
During the spring of 2013, I began to think seriously about what my retribution would look like. My next step towards planning for it was buying my second handgun, a Sig Sauer P226.

It was around this time that I came across the website

pUAHate.com. It is a forum full of men who are starved of sex, just like me.

Many of the men there provide their own theories of what women are attracted to, and many of them share my hatred of women. Though unlike me, they would be too cowardly to act on it.

Reading the posts on that website only confirmed many of the theories I had about how wicked and degenerate women really are. I tried to show the website to my parents to give them a dose of reality as to why I am so miserable, but they didn't even bother to look at the posts on there.



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After months of deliberation, I decided that The Day of Retribution would take place on a typical party weekend in the month of November 2013. This would give me five months to plan and prepare. Five more months of life, but then again, I wouldn't even call it a life. The existence I've suffered on this world during the last eight years has been anything but a life.

A feeling of overwhelming dizziness and anxiety swept over me. I was actually going to die. I couldn't believe it. Then I realized that my life was already over anyway. If only one pretty girl had shown some form of attraction to me... The Day of Retribution never would have crossed my mind. If one had given me a chance, tried to get to know me, let me take her out on a date... None of this would have to happen.

It was so hard to accept that things would have to resort to me performing this act of Retribution I was planning, but the women of the world left me with no other choice.

I decided to give college life in Isla Vista one final chance before I went through with my Retribution plans. This one, final, last-ditch effort of desperation at living an enjoyable college life took place on a Saturday night in July, just a few days before my twenty-second birthday.

The cruelest aspect of my existence has been my unending, torturous virginity, so I set out to lose my virginity that night. It was the only thing that would be able to save me. And be able to save the people around me. I was giving the female gender one last chance to provide me with the pleasures I deserved from them.

My plan was to show up to a house party, meet a beautiful, blonde girl, and have passionate sex with her that night. If this plan failed and no girl showed interest in me, then that would be the final straw. The Day of Retribution would be the only way out.

Of course, there was no way I would be able to attend a house party sober, as I would be far too nervous, so I bought a bottle of vodka and took a few shots of liquid

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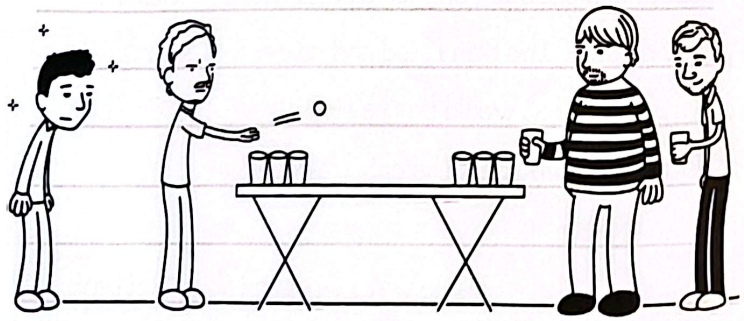
courage. However, it seemed I took a few shots too many, as I found myself stumbling around with a clouded head by the time I reached Del Playa Street.

Operating on drunk autopilot, I wandered into a wild house party without a care in the world. It was the first time I'd seen drunken college antics in real life. There was a DJ playing annoying hip hop music so loudly that you could barely hear the person next to you speak, there were beautiful, blonde girls dancing wildly in scandalous, revealing outfits, and there was a ping pong table set up where a group of guys were playing a crude drinking game known as "beer pong."



This party was massive. There had to have been at least a hundred people there. I helped myself to the free beer despite already being too drunk and then walked in circles around the house waiting for a girl to approach me.

I soon became frustrated that no one was paying attention to me, and I became even more frustrated at the sight of girls talking to guys who looked like obnoxious slobs. My frustration reached a boiling point of furious rage when I came across a white girl talking to an Asian guy. How could an ugly Asian attract the attention of a white girl, while a beautiful Eurasian like myself never had any attention from them? I couldn't stand for this.

My rage and drunkenness took over, and I angrily walked toward them and bumped the Asian guy aside, trying my best to act cocky and arrogant in order to impress the white girl. My drunken state then got the better of me, and I fell to the floor. They told me I was very drunk and said they'd get me some water, so I angrily marched away and out into the front yard.

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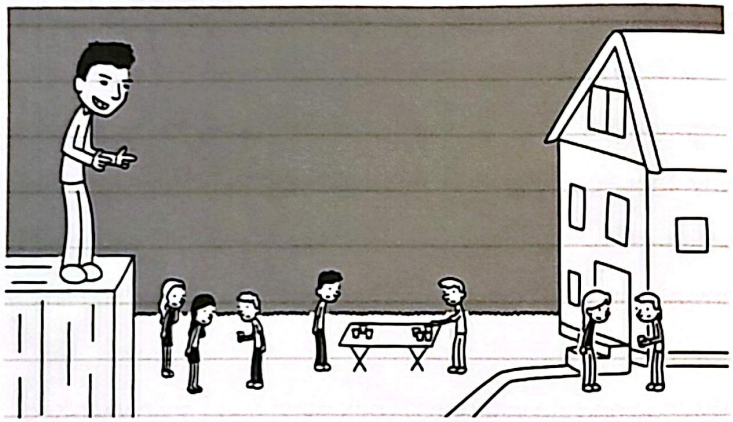
Outside, I found a ten-foot wooden ledge and climbed on top. From up there, I had a great view of Isla Vista. The town was as wild as ever. I was surrounded by happy-go-lucky partygoers—men embracing and holding beautiful, blonde women that they didn't deserve. I pretended my fingers were guns, and I shot at them with a gleeful expression on my face.



Eventually, a group of partiers climbed up the ledge to join me. They were all obnoxious, rowdy boys whom I've always despised. And then a couple pretty girls came up, and they started talking to the loud brutes. They were socializing right next to me, and neither of the girls paid me any attention. This, of course, could not go unpunished.

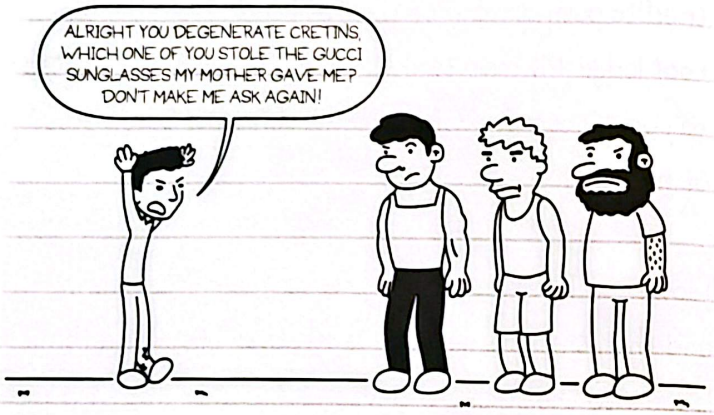
I stood and began to insult all of them, but they only laughed and insulted me back. That was the last straw. I had taken enough insults that night.

A dark, hate-fueled rage overcame my entire being, and I tried to push as many of them as I could from the ten-foot ledge. My main targets were the two girls. I wanted to punish them for talking to the obnoxious boys instead of me.

However, I failed to push either of them from the ledge, and then the boys started to push me. I fell from the ledge into the street, and when I landed I felt a snap in my ankle followed by a stinging pain. I slowly got up and found that I couldn't even walk. I had to stumble, and stumble I did.

I made it a few yards down Del Playa on my shattered leg when I realized someone had stolen my Gucci sunglasses that my mother had given me. I loved those sunglasses, and I had to get them back.

I vehemently turned around and staggered back towards the party. But at that point I was so drunk that I forgot where the party was, and I ended up walking onto the front yard of the house next to it, demanding to know who took my sunglasses.



The people I was yelling at became very hostile towards me for some reason, and they dragged me out of the yard and into the driveway, all the while pushing and hitting me. I tried to throw a punch at one of them, but that only caused them to beat me more.

I fell to the ground and they started kicking me and punching me in the face. This onslaught continued until somebody in the street came and broke up the fight.

I got up, my entire body aching and my leg broken, and I began to stumble home. The worst part of this whole ordeal wasn't getting beaten up though, it was the fact that no one showed any concern. The whole of Del Playa Street had just witnessed me get beaten by a group of obnoxious brutes, and nobody cared to help me once the attack had ended.

Not one girl offered to help me as I stumbled home with a broken leg and bloody face. If girls had been attracted to me, they would have offered to walk me to my room to take care of me. They would have even offered to sleep with me to make me feel better. But no. Not one girl showed an ounce of concern for me. They didn't care. No one cared about me. I was all alone.

When I got home, I reached up to my neck to feel my special gold necklace, and I felt nothing there. In the midst of the fight, one of those horrible punks had snatched off my special gold necklace that Ah Mah had given me!

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That necklace was one of the most special items I had, and now one of those evil, wretched thugs would be selling it to buy drugs. I broke down in anguish and wailed in agony, crying and crying until I passed out in my bed, all alone.

When I awoke the next morning, my leg was in absolute agony. It was purple and swollen, and I couldn't even stumble anymore—I had to crawl.

I called Father, and he drove me to the hospital. Two police officers came to interview me about what had happened, and I told them that those boys deliberately pushed me off the ledge after I'd acted cocky towards them. I didn't mention anything about the girls. I then expressed to the officers that I wanted the brutes responsible to be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

However, the police went and interviewed the group, and they had their own version of the story. Since there was no actual evidence, the case was soon dismissed.

My left leg was broken, and I was put in a cast and given crutches. On top of all other things in the world that made me feel inferior, I was now a cripple. The doctor told me I would be in crutches for the next six weeks, and I might even have to get surgery.

My final attempt at losing my virginity had failed in a spectacular fashion. I'd given society one final chance to be fair to me, and it spit in my face, shattered my leg, and stole my necklace.

It was as though they were begging me to go through with The Day of Retribution. It seemed society wanted it even more than I did. They had truly left me with no other choice.

A few days after my hospital visit, I packed up my things and drove to Mother's house to spend the rest of my summer there. I celebrated the final birthday of my life sitting alone at Mother's, staring at a broken leg, wondering where it all went wrong.

CamScanner

Age 22

I went into surgery in the beginning of August. I was wrought with fear—I had never been through such a thing in my life. They put me to sleep with anesthesia, and when I woke up my leg burned with pain. I was placed in a new cast and instructed to keep my leg raised at all times over the course of the next week.

Mother and Georgia had a vacation to Hawaii planned, so I was left all alone to recover. I would have stayed at Father's house during this time, but Soymaya was having relatives over for the summer and my presence would have been "too much for her to handle."

However, I didn't mind spending the week in complete isolation. Now there would be nothing to distract me as I planned The Day of Retribution. My hope was to destroy the entirety of Isla Vista. I wanted to kill every single person in it. This would be war—my war against women and all of humanity. And I wasn't even the one who started it.

Women had declared this war long ago when they rejected me. They insulted me by deeming me inferior and undeserving of their love and sex. They hate me, and I will return that hatred one-thousand-fold. I will inflict suffering on everyone in Isla Vista, just like they made me suffer. My Retribution will be so devastating that it will shake the very foundations of the world.

My broken leg was a setback, of course. I figured I wouldn't be walking normally again until October. There was no way I'd be well enough to prepare for The Day of Retribution by November. There was too little time. I made a new plan to set the ultimate and final date for The Day of Retribution to be in the spring of 2014.

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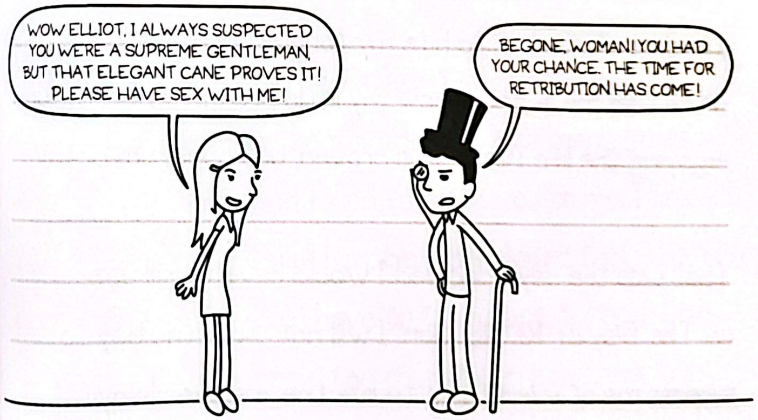
Shortly after Mother and Georgia returned from Hawaii, they invited Maddy and her family over for dinner. It had been a long time since I'd last seen Maddy, and I was curious to see how my very first American friend had turned out.

I suspected she had become everything I hate in a woman—a popular, spoiled, vapid cunt—and I was right. It didn't take much time after meeting her again to realize she had become one of my mortal enemies. She now represented everything that is wrong with this world. As a child, I played with her as an equal. As an adult, she was my enemy. It took my best efforts to remain calm and quiet until she and her family left Mother's house.

A few weeks before the new semester began, I moved back to Santa Barbara. I was disappointed to see that my docile roommates had moved out in my absence, as I knew full well that fate would grant me terrible new roommates as it had always done in the past. Still unable to walk without crutches, I refused to leave my room for several weeks.

When I returned home to visit my orthopedist for the final time, he said I would finally be able to walk without a cast around my leg, though I would need a cane for a few more weeks. I was content with this as I didn't mind the cane that much. It had a peculiar elegance about it.



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While in town, I went to Father's house for an innocent visit, and I got into an uncomfortable situation with Soumaya. It started when she kept boasting about my brother Jazz.

She told me he had many commercial opportunities lined up, and by the time he was my age he would be a successful actor. I told her I had always been jealous of Jazz for being so socially savvy, and at that she took the boasting even further and said Jazz would never have any problems with girls and would lose his virginity at a young age. It was as if she recognized my deepest insecurities and was determined to use them to hurt me.

I had no choice but to bite my tongue and listen while this bitch told me all about how my little brother will grow up enjoying the life I've always craved, but could never have.

That was the day I decided I would have to kill Jazz on The Day of Retribution. I will not allow the boy to surpass me at everything, to live the life I've always wanted.

It will be a hard thing to do, because I've really bonded with my brother over the years, but I have no choice. If I can't live a pleasurable life, then neither will he! I will not let him put my legacy to shame.

In order to kill Jazz, I will have to kill Soumaya too. But that will be easy. All I would need to do is think about all of the hurtful things she has said to me in the past as I plunge my knife into her neck. The mere thought of watching the life drain from her eyes as she looks up at me clutching the blade that robbed her of life fills me with giddiness. Perhaps, I mused, I would boil a pot of that disgusting soup she loves so much and pour it on her wounds.

The only issue would be Father. Despite the lack of respect I have for the man, despite how many times he has let me down and failed to be there for me, I knew I would be unable to kill him. So, I concluded that The Day of Retribution would have to take place during a time when Father is out of the country on a business trip.

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I returned to my apartment in Santa Barbara and found that my new roommates were moving in—a pair of foreign Asian students. They were the biggest nerds I'd ever seen, and they were very ugly. I found them to be utterly repulsive.

To make matters worse, one of them constantly went out of his way to start arguments with me whenever I informed him he was being too loud. They proved themselves to be even worse roommates than Spencer and the two brown dullards. I decided I would kill them on The Day of Retribution as well. In fact, I would relish in the opportunity to stab them both to death in their sleep.

I returned to Mother's house out of the blue quite often during this time because I couldn't stand to be near my roommates. On one such visit, I came across something that haunted me to the core.

Mother was at work, and I assumed Georgia was home alone, but I was wrong. I entered the house and overheard the sound of my sister's boyfriend plunging his penis into my sister's vagina through her closed room door, along with my sister's moans. I stood there and listened to it all.

I couldn't believe it. My sister, who was four years younger than me, managed to lose her virginity before I did. I hated her in that moment, but I hated her boyfriend even more. He was the enemy! He was a teenage boy who girls wanted to have sex with! He was living the life I've always wanted but could never have! I had let an enemy infiltrate the household of my mother, and infiltrate the vagina of my sister! Things were getting too out of hand.

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I had been rejected, insulted, humiliated, cast out, bullied, starved, tortured, and ridiculed for far too long. It was time to plot exactly what I will do on The Day of Retribution.

I will be a god, punishing women and all of humanity for their depravity. I will finally return all of the pain and suffering they've dealt to me for so long. I was ready to set an exact date—a weekend day when all my enemies would be partying on the streets of Isla Vista.

After a lot of thinking and consideration, I decided on Saturday, April 26th, 2014. If things went according to plan, that would be the final day of my life. With a date chosen, I began to detail my exact plans for how The Day of Retribution will play out. It would be a plan in four phases.

Phase One will take place the day before The Day of Retribution. I will go to Father's house to kill Soumaya and my little brother Jazz.

Thankfully, Father is scheduled to be out of town that week, so I won't have to worry about him stopping me or finding the bodies. I will then steal Father's Mercedes SUV—as an SUV will be a much more powerful battering weapon than my BMW coupe.

Phase Two will also take place before the Day itself. I will begin this phase by killing my disgusting Asian roommates so that I'll have the apartment to myself as a torture chamber. I will then lure good looking people into my apartment through some form of trickery, and I'll torture them to death for the crime of living better lives than me. I will cut them, flay them, strip all the skin off their flesh, and pour boiling water all over them until they die. Once they are dead, I will behead them and stuff their heads into a bag which will be used in my final phase.

Phase Three will take place on The Day of Retribution itself, just before the climactic massacre. This phase will represent my War on Women.

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I will punish all females for the crime of depriving me of sex. Unfortunately, I cannot kill every single female on Earth, but I can deliver a devastating blow that will shake all of them to the core of their wicked hearts.

I will attack the very girls who represent everything I hate in the female gender: The hottest sorority of UCSB. I will sneak into their house at around nine p.m. just before all of the partying starts, and I will slaughter every single one of them with my guns and knives. If I have time, I will set their whole house on fire! Then we shall see who the superior one really is!

In the Final Phase of my Retribution, I shall return to the SUV and make my way to Del Playa, splattering as many of my enemies as I can with the SUV, and shooting anyone I don't splatter!

Once I reach Del Playa Street, I will dump the bag of severed heads I had saved from my previous victims, proclaiming to everyone how much I've made them all suffer.

In that moment, everyone will fear me as the powerful god I am. I will then start massacring everyone on Del Playa Street.

When the police arrive, I will drive away as fast as I can, shooting and ramming anyone in my path until I find a suitable place to end my life by means of simultaneously firing both of my handguns into my head.

I must plan this very efficiently. Nothing can go wrong. It needs to be perfect. This is now my sole purpose on this world. My plans will come to fruition, and I mustn't let anyone stop me.

A few days before The Day of Retribution was scheduled to occur, I uploaded several videos to YouTube in order to express my views and feelings to the world. I had one additional video ready to upload as well, detailing The Day of Retribution and precisely why it was taking place, but I knew better than to upload it then. I would upload that final video moments before Phase Three of my Retribution began.

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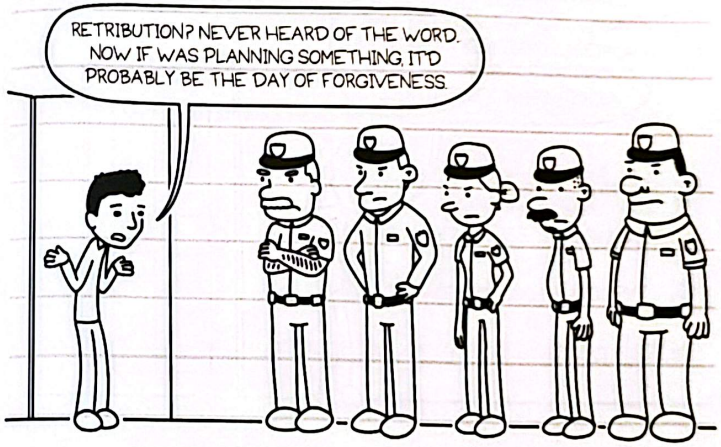
Everything was falling into place for The Day of Retribution, but then two days before the important date I woke up with a terrible cold. This was heartbreaking as I knew my plans would be hindered if I had a cold.

In addition, I learned that Father had returned home two days early from his business trip. The plan was unravelling piece by piece. I decided to postpone the massacre to Saturday, May 24th. This would give me plenty of time to recover from my cold and to continue my preparations.

A week after I'd uploaded those videos to YouTube, I heard a knock on my apartment door. I opened it to find seven police officers asking for me by name.

The moment I saw those cops, the biggest fear I had ever felt in my life overcame me. I had the striking and devastating fear that someone had somehow discovered my plans and had reported me for it. If this was the case and the police searched my room and found this diary as well as my guns and weapons, I would have been done for. I had to find a way to compose myself and convince them to go away.



As it turned out, somebody had seen my YouTube videos and became worried about my mental health. I suspect it was Mother. In whatever case, this person had called the police to check up on me to make sure I was okay.

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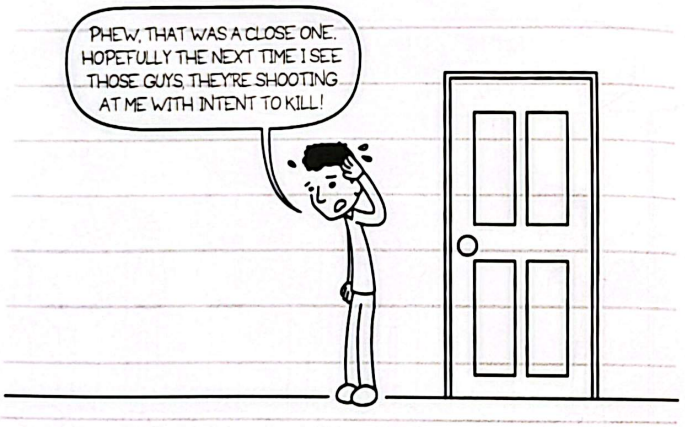
They weren't there to prevent my Retribution, they were there to make sure I wasn't going to commit suicide! Those fools! I tactfully informed the police officers that this was all a misunderstanding and I wasn't having any suicidal thoughts, and they left shortly after. Once they were gone, the biggest wave of relief swept over me. Everything could have ended right then and there.



After a lifetime of isolation, rejection, and pain, I've realized I am not part of the human race. Humanity has rejected me. The females of the human species have never wanted to mate with me, so how could I possibly consider myself part of humanity? Humanity has never ıccepted me among them, and now I know why.

I am more than human. I am superior to them all. I am Elliot Rodger... Magnificent, glorious, supreme, eminent... Divine! I am the closest thing there is to a living god.

Humanity is a disgusting, depraved, and evil species. It is my purpose to punish them all. I will purify the world of everything that is wrong with it. On The Day of Retribution, I will truly be a powerful god, punishing everyone I deem to be impure and depraved.

And that is how my tragic life ends. Who would have thought my life would turn out this way? I didn't. There was a time when I thought this world was a good and happy place. As a child, my whole world was innocent. It wasn't until I went through puberty and started desiring girls that my whole life turned into a living hell.

I desired girls, but girls never desired me back. There is something very wrong with that. It is an injustice that cannot go unpunished. I didn't want things to turn out this way, but humanity forced my hand.

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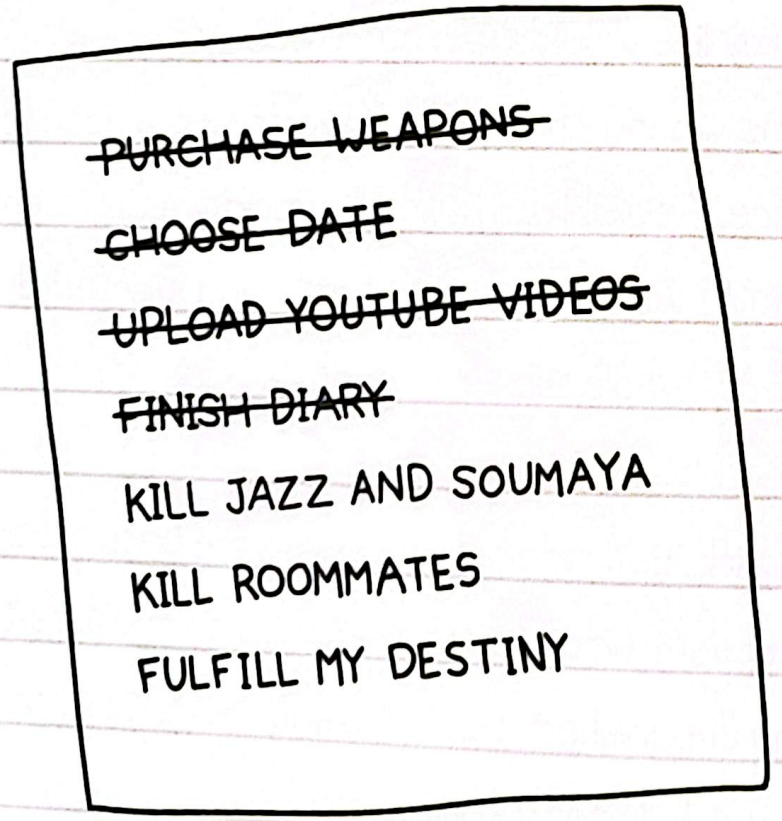
This has been my story—the life story of Elliot Rodger, the god who humanity rejected. I've lived through a lifetime of fate laughing in my face—depriving me of my needs and desires. Whether it was girls, or the lottery, or even staying home from Morocco, time and time again fate has gleefully ignored my desires and delivered the opposite instead.

And now, on The Day of Retribution, I can finally take my fate into my own hands.



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